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HISTORY

OF

THE FIRST REGIMENT

OF

COLORADO VOLUNTEERS.

BY OVANDO J. HOLLISTER.

DENVER, C. T.
THOS. GIBSON & CO., Publishers.
1863.

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HISTORY OF THE FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory. Sam. H. Cook and associates strike a Lode. Organization of F Company. Life in Quarters. Condition of the Territory. Organization and Recruiting of the Regiment. Life at Camp Weld.

I propose to write a History of the First Regiment of Colorado Volunteers; its organization and discipline at Camp Weld; campaign in New Mexico, with notices of the most striking features of that Territory, and the condition and strength of the Regiment at present.

I make no pretensions to literary merit or taste. The work was originally written for my own amusement, with no thought of publication. The fact that the members of the Regiment wanted it, and were willing to pay for it, induced me to have it published. It is common, in such cases, to beg indulgence for the constant use of the personal pronoun, but as I am a broken down soldier, consequently as low as I can get on the social ladder, I submit my work to the gentle public to judge of as they please. To the Regiment I would say that the seemingly invidious prominence given to F Company, is owing to the fact that I was a member of said company, which, because mounted, was isolated in a great measure from the others. It could not be changed in this respect without more time and labor than my means would warrant. As a record of our marches and fights, should we unfortunately never have any more, it will, I trust, be of some value. It will at least be a tie to bind us together in the days that are to come.

In the latter part of July, 1861, three men were sitting at dinner, round a rough table in a rougher country—the mining district of South Clear Creek. To those familiar with the style of living in the mountain placers, it will perhaps be unnecessary to say that their meal was neither extra in quality nor profuse in quantity. Judging from the appearance of the country and people, mining at that time was not exceedingly inviting or profitable. If they could make grub out of their claims they were satisfied; flattering themselves with the various wild things they *would* do when they struck the pay-streak. Through a strong hope in the future and a stronger faith in luck, the industrious and sanguine persevered in their hard, thankless task, while the bummer and loafer avoided all labor that was not necessitated by the state of their larder. That of our friends' was nearly empty, and as this spasmodic gold-digging was intensely disagreeable, they were discussing their bread and beef and the chances of "raising the wind" in some easier way, at the same time.

Casting their eyes about for a new lode, the state of the country, plunged in a gigantic civil war, attracted their attention, and the idea of taking advantage of the patriotic uprising of the nation's heart and of the hard times in the mines, to raise a company of volunteers for the war, thus securing commissions for themselves, struck them as being a lode, which, once open, might be worked with ease and profit. Accordingly, Sam. H. Cook, who was perhaps the most self-reliant and decisive of the three friends, instantly struck off a few advertisements for Volunteers to form a mounted company, proceed to the States and enter the service under Jim. Lane, with whom Cook had been somewhat associated in the Kansas war of '56. These bills, which promised service to the admirers of Lane, under the very eyes of their loved chief—an immediate return to America—a sentiment sufficiently powerful of itself to enlist a company—and which chose the mounted arm of the service as the field of the projected company's future action, were posted in conspicuous places through the mines, and owing to the skill with which they were drawn, eighty or more men had engaged in the enterprise by the middle of August.

Cook was to be Captain—the others Lieutenants. One named Nelson, having been in the service before, consequently somewhat posted on military affairs, was to be First—the other, named Wilson, ambitious and energetic, yet lacking the self-reliance with which Cook was so bountifully provided, was to be Second. With this programme they were well pleased, as it was calculated to advance their personal interests.

Soon, advertisements under the auspices of one W. F. Marshall, appeared in the Denver papers, inviting proposals for the transportation of the company to Leavenworth. The expenses of the trip across the plains were to be defrayed by a contribution of five dollars from each enlisted man.

About the 20th of August they all repaired to Denver, expecting to start for the States as soon as the requisite transportation could be procured. But Gov. Gilpin, unwilling to have these men leave the Territory, where he was then recruiting a Regiment of Volunteers, tried to induce them to remain and form one company of the First Colorados. Having pledged his honor that they should be well mounted, armed and equipped, and have active service "till they couldn't rest," they concluded to stay.

They were furnished quarters on Ferry Street, West Denver, and immediately proceeded to elect officers—commissioned and non-commissioned. It seems the W. F. Marshall mentioned above was an old acquaintance of Cook's, and had held a commission as Second Lieutenant in the Kansas Militia, under Lane. For this reason, and his services in enlisting men, he was the Captain's choice for Second Lieutenant, if not for First; but the Company, disliking his haughty style and reserved manner, would not have him First nor even Second, until Wilson, at Marshall's earnest entreaty waived his claims and withdrew his name from the canvass.

Wilson became Orderly Sergeant, the hardest and most [illegible] position in the business. The other non-coms were dictated by those who had secured the most important positions, rather than elected by the men.

As the Ferry Street quarters became too small for the increasing number of the company they were moved down to the old Buffalo House, where they remained two or three months. A corral just below and across the road contained the company horses, and was used as a guard house. There was no trouble in getting out at the back side, however, and prisoners confined in the corral enjoyed the freedom of the town.

A guard was stationed before the doors of the Captain's and Orderly's rooms, to prevent privates from passing in. Here the non-coms chiefly congregated, while the privates occupied the upper story. Judging from their appearance, they were well possessed of the idea of their own importance. The finest clothes in market were none too good, and these, with the skill of the barber and tailor, made a very tangible contrast between these fifteen day soldiers, and recruits who were constantly coming in. Collisions between them and the town secesh occurred occasionally, but they never resulted in anything serious. The men were obliged to remain in quarters, a pass being necessary even to go up town.

A picket guard was stationed every night on various routes leading into Denver, to prevent surprise from domestic traitors or Texans, who were supposed to be coming in force. Then again cartridges would be issued and orders published for all to sleep on their arms, ready for action at a moment's notice. The idea of there being any necessity for these precautions was jeered at by us, but the cry of "wolf, wolf," was persisted in, till many no doubt trembled for safety.

Finally the wolf came. The company was put in fighting trim instanter. Time passed, and men breathed hard and quick. Perhaps they thought of home, and the loving ones there awaiting them. Orderlies galloped through the streets as if the fate of empires hung on their movements. Small bodies of troops hurried to their assigned positions, and suspense had become painful, when some enterprising scout came in with the news that the fancied host of Texans [illegible] as droves of stock. "Oh! what a fall was there," etc.

At that time the other companies of the Regiment, excepting A and B, were in embryo, and straining every nerve to entice recruits. A sketch of their organization would not perhaps come amiss.

Soon after the war broke out it became patent to every one that some force would be necessary to preserve Colorado to the Union. Gold was first discovered by Georgians, and the Southern element had always been well represented in our society. In view of this fact, and with the idea of strengthening the forts in the lower portion of the Territory, Gov. Gilpin during the summer recruited two companies of volunteers.

After the battle of Bull Run the disaffected in Denver boldly avowed their principles, raised a Secesh flag, which, however, did not fly long, secretly bought up arms, and in various ways commenced marshaling their forces to seize our infant Territory. But the Governor and other public men were alive to the emergency. They knew it would not do to stand idly by while the active, turbulent factionists were preparing to make their deadly spring, *a la* C. F. Jackson, in Missouri. The capture of Forts Bliss and Fillmore, in Arizona, by "Baylor's Babes," and their reported march on Santa Fe, decided the Governor, and in the last days of August J. P. Slough, Captain of Co. A, was appointed Colonel; S. F. Tappan, Captain of Co. B, Lieut. Colonel; J. M. Chivington was commissioned Major, and the following gentlemen as company officers for a Regiment of Volunteers.

COMPANY A—E. W. WYNKOOP, Captain; J. R. SHAFFER and J. C. DAVIDSON, Lieutenants.

COMPANY B—S. M. LOGAN, Captain; ISAAC GRAY and E. A. JACOBS, Lieutenants.

COMPANY C—RICHARD SOPRIS, Captain; ALFRED S. COBB and CLARK CHAMBERS, Lieutenants.

COMPANY D—JACOB DOWNING, Captain; W. T. ROATH and ELI DICKERSON, Lieutenants.

COMPANY E—S. J. ANTHONY, Captain; J. O. BUELL and J. A. DAWSON, Lieutenants.

COMPANY F—SAM. H. COOK, Captain; GEO. NELSON and W. F. MARSHALL, Lieutenants.

Company G—J. W. Hambleton, Captain; W. F. Wilder and J. C. Anderson, Lieutenants.

Company H—George L. Sanborn, Captain; J. P. Bonesteel and B. N. Sanford, Lieutenants.

Company I—Charles Mailie, Captain; Chas. Kerber and Jno. Baker, Lieutenants.

Company K—C. P. Marion, Captain; George S. Eayre and Robert McDonald, Lieutenants.

Recruiting offices were opened in Denver, at Gregory, Idaho, and beyond the Range, and in two months the required complement of men was obtained. A site was selected for barracks on the Platte, two miles from the centre of Denver City, and called Camp Weld, in honor of the then Secretary of the Territory. At a cost of $40,000 comfortable and sufficient barracks were constructed, and as fast as the companies were filled they went into quarters there. Notices like the following were occasionally seen in the daily papers.

"Yesterday Capt. S. F. Tappan, with Co. B, numbering 101 men, arrived from the mountains and went into quarters at Camp Weld. The men look hale and hearty, and are in excellent spirits."

Or this:

"From the report of Dr. Farner, Examining Physician, we gather the following facts concerning the nativity of the members of A Company. New York, 17; Pennsylvania, 4; Ohio, 9; Ireland, 7; Canada, 6; Vermont, 5; Scotland, 4; Illinois, 3; Germany, England, Virginia, Indiana, New Jersey, each 2; Rhode Island, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri, Iowa, and Wales, each 1. Average height, 5 feet 8½ inches. Tallest, 6 feet 3½ inches. The *physique* of the entire company is most excellent."

Or this:

"Capt. S. H. Cook and his company arrived yesterday from the mountains and took up temporary quarters in the city. They are a fine lot of men, numbering 88—average height, 5 feet 10½ inches, and not one under 5 feet 7. They will leave for the States on Monday, unless they should join the Colorado Regiment, which we much hope they will do."

By means of drafts on the U. S. Treasury, the Governor defrayed the expense of raising clothing and sustaining his

Volunteers, though this irregular proceeding afterwards environed him with trouble and finally cost him his office. Government was slow to endorse his action, and it is said never would have done so but for the meritorious service of the Regiment in Mexico. This idea was prevalent among the men for six months, and caused much lawlessness and insubordination that might otherwise have been avoided. The men having enlisted with the idea of going to the States and taking an active part in the war, were dissatisfied with the inactivity of Camp Weld, and the idea of something in Gilpin's proceedings which would prevent their entering the service under their present organization, rendered them reckless. They have been publicly accused as "chicken thieves, jayhawkers, turbulent and seditious, a disgrace to themselves and the country." Grant it true. Suppose they plead guilty. Was there not much in the attendant circumstances to palliate their little irregularities? The fact that man's inactivity is the Devil's opportunity, and the prevalent though erroneous idea that they would never be recognized or paid, gave some excuse for the slight peccadilloes of the Volunteers at Camp Weld. Believing that every candid man will view it as I do, I leave the subject with the assertion that notwithstanding all that has been said, east, west, north or south, about their jayhawking proclivities, there is not a manlier, better disposed thousand men in the United States service than the First Colorados.

All the arms in the country were purchased, not so much for the use of the volunteers as to prevent traitors from getting them. Owing to our judicious state of preparation, Colorado escaped the civil convulsions that have desolated portions of our once happy country.

CHAPTER II.

Detachment sent to Fort Laramie on Escort. Description of Trip and Country. Hunting Antelope. Arrival at Fort Laramie.

For the better equipment of his Regiment, the Governor had already sent to divert southward a train of arms pro-

[illegible] traveling from Camp Floyd to the States. This train was known to be in the vicinity, and fears were entertained for its safety. A detail, numbering sixteen, under command of Lieut. Nelson, was sent out to protect it on the march. They started September 6th, full of the idea of their good fortune in being mounted and on their first service, and of escaping from the restraint imposed in quarters, which, though novel, was disagreeable. They proceeded with light hearts as far as Crow Creek, where they met the train and turned back with it. But danger seeming to thicken, at least to the apprehension of the authorities, another detail of twenty men, under Lieut. Marshall, was sent out on the same errand, on the 10th inst. We furnished ourselves with rations for six days, and a pair of blankets apiece, which we packed on two ponies.

At our first camp, on St. Vrain's Creek, a dispute occurred in the party as to whether bacon, used to oil fire-arms, would or would not make them rust. Little Hawley bet ten dollars that said bacon grease was the best that could be used. Jude, on the other side, would bet ten dollars, but he had not got it with him. He put up five—the balance to be staked at the time of trial. As soon as the money was up, the crowd adjourned to an adjoining grocery, procured two buckets of milk and a gallon of whisky, and bound the bet by drinking the stakes. The betters joined us, and as neither ever mentioned it again, the merits of the case are still in the dark.

Next morning an express passed us. He said a few words to Marshall, probably of an alarming nature, for we left our pack animals on Little Thompson and hurried on. About dark we came in sight of Box Elder, when the orders "Form Fours"—"Trot"—"Gallop"—"CHARGE!" followed in quick succession, and Nelson, alarmed at so unusual an approach, ordered his men under arms, and prepared to give us a warm reception, should we prove enemies. On nearing the sentinels, our column was halted with some difficulty, and after recognition we quietly proceeded into camp.

On the ensuing day we came back to Cache-a-la-Poudre, where a messenger met us, with dispatches from the Governor. They contained orders for Lieut. Marshall to proceed, with his detail, on the Horse Creek route, towards Fort Laramie. It was thought a train of arms had left that place for Denver, on the strength of Gilpin's representations.

As we had only provided for a six day's trip, it seemed hard to start on a six week's one; but our newly fledged zeal was mounting as eagles' wings, and made small account of obstacles.

After bidding Nelson's party good bye (fresh friendships are always tender) we pressed a wagon and harness, hitched up our horses and started down the river. We had a good supply of flour, fifteen pounds of bacon and three of coffee. Our culinary department contained two frying-pans—minus handles—two small tin coffee-boilers and a few tin cups. Flour was mixed in the mouth of the sack and baked before the blaze. Thus furnished, we struck across the desert, two hundred miles in extent, between the mouths of Cache-a-la-Poudre and Laramie. Not a man in the party had ever been in the country before, though two citizens of Denver accompanied us as guides.

Our first day's travel was down the Cache-a-la-Poudre. Though late in the haying season, but little grass had been cut. It was a good indication of the quality of the soil. Ten miles below Laporte there is some good bottom, especially on the north side; but sandy, barren streaks, destitute of vegetation, are common in the best of it. These are from two to ten rods wide—the edges as well defined as if a mowing machine had cut out the barren strips. I thought that was the case till we passed over some. On the stream, as a whole, there is much good land—more that is worthless. The small breadth in crops is heavily burdened. But few people live here though every claim is occupied by a cabin. We camped near the mouth of the creek.

Next morning we struck across six or eight miles, to Crow Creek. There was but one water hole in the lower part of its course, and we were lucky enough to find it, and a small quantity of bacon and coffee hanging in a tree. We traveled up this creek two or three days. The lower part was dry, with occasional patches of low, scraggy-topped cottonwoods, among which great inky ravens were always wheeling and screaming. The upper, was running full of muddy water—the effect of a heavy storm in that vicinity. Antelope abound in this region. There was not an hour in the day when they might not be seen "on a thousand hills."

One day the writer was sent out to get one. He rode hunting for a time without success. Having got some distance ahead, he came to a flock of several hundred, scattered over a large bottom. Antelope, when scared, first huddle together before they "skedaddle." Knowing this, our hunter approached as near as possible under cover, then dashing boldly on them, his horse at his best speed, his eye on the sight and finger on trigger, visions of roast venison dancing through his brain, he had just selected his mark when his horse suddenly stopped. He went *on* at about the same gait till his momentum became exhausted and he stopped. His gun went a piece farther, discharged itself and it stopped. By the time he had gathered himself, gun and horse together again, the antelope were viewing his outfit over their left shoulders, from a high hill about three miles off. A dog-hole was the innocent cause of this ludicrous finale of his hunt. Owing to the state of our commissary we were anxious to kill some game, but our efforts were uniformly unsuccessful.

We camped the second night on a fine bottom, where the feed was excellent. Rain had fallen during the day and the night was clear and frosty. With no coats and few blankets, we suffered from the cold, but there was nothing to do but grin and bear it.

From this place the creek bends to the right, and we took across, striking it again soon after noon. Supposing it the last water on the route for forty miles, we camped. Here it is a clear, shallow brook, which one can easily jump, with no timber but a little willow brush fringing its borders. Not a mountain, tree or rock is in sight, the sky rests on the unbroken expanse of sun-browned prairie, and the stream gliding noiselessly over its smooth, sandy bottom is all that links this desolate spot, the native land of solitude, with the haunts of man. The valley is but slightly scalloped and has very little descent. I fancy this water sprite has lost itself in its meanderings, and delighted with the novelty of its new situation, is loth to quit it. But it course is on and on; though it would fain linger. yet destiny's law is inwoven with its existence, and one implies subjection to the other. After dinner the boys went hunting, and though many of them came mighty near hitting one, yet Mr. Antelope, as Frank said, "kept on wanting." They did not bring in any meat, considering which interesting facts their stories of close shots fell still-born on the evening air.

On the 17th we left Crow Creek, our course being nearly north, and proceeded over a rolling prairie to Horse Springs. Ten miles from camp we crossed a small stream, looking for all the world as it wound under the curly banks like a Green Mountain trout-brook. We should have come here last night.

Ten miles farther on is another stream, similar in appearance to the last, reducing our space without water to twenty miles. From their appearance, and that of the valleys through which they run, these are permanent streams, having their source in the mountains; though it is possible they may fail in a dry time. We made Horse Springs about an hour by sun. Here we had the good fortune to obtain a dressed antelope from a hunter living on Horse Creek. Having had nothing fit to eat for several days, the boys pitched into it right and left, and soon there was nothing left but the bones.

We started in good season next morning, and about seven miles from camp crossed Horse Creek. Three or four rancheros are located here. Their stock is in fine condition and finds ready sale at the Post, fifty miles distant. They appeared contented in their isolated home, and invited us, on returning, to call on them, assuring us of a jolly time should we do so. The road to-day is deep with sand, worn down from the sand-stone ridge over which it passes. Harder portions of the rock have resisted the action of the elements, and columns, castles and crags of all sizes and shapes line the top of the divide. Impending over the road is a shapeless crag, perhaps a hundred feet high, on top of which, with folded wings, stands the figure of a huge eagle, natural as life. Camped on Box Elder, a dry creek, and entered Fort Laramie the next day, being the 19th of October.

CHAPTER III.

Life at Laramie. Description of the Post. Garrison. Camp located —Post Hostile. Sports. Indian Encampment. [illegible], etc.

Fort Laramie, like all Government posts in the Western Desert, is built with little regard to system or defensive purposes. It consists of the usual accommodations for officers and men, quartermaster and commissary buildings, hospital, sutler's store and stables. It is handsomely situated on the north bank of Laramie Creek, a mile above its junction with the Platte. Beyond, a high ridge, upon the crest of which the gray rocks crop out, supporting here and there a stunted growth of pine, extends nearly to the junction, hiding the Platte from view. On the south the sand-hills approach within rifle-shot, and altogether the situation appears cramped and encroached upon by the desert. There is but little arable land in the vicinity, and that is of a light sandy texture. Nothing but necessity can make the desolate place endurable to white men. Two companies of the Second Dragoons and one of Infantry, form the garrison at present.

When we arrived on the ground the soldiers gathered around, anxious to hear from the world. They, too, had been alarmed by rumors of Texan invasion, and were half minded to take us for enemies. Subsequent usage proved that we were viewed as intruders at least. There were unoccupied quarters in the Post, and plenty of supplies; yet we could get no quarters, no clothing, and only wormy, condemned bacon and hardbread for rations. The soldiers swore that Col. Alexander, commanding the Post, was an old "Secesh," and I guess they were right. He hated us not only as interlopers, in which light Volunteers are detested by all Regulars, rank and file, but as opposed to him politically—enemies on principle—and he treated us accordingly.

We pitched camp on the north side of the Platte, as near the Post as possible. The sand-burs were thick and the feed poor, but it was the best we could do. A fine grove of cottonwoods enhanced the beauty of the place. Sober Autumn, with his nipping frosts and withered leaves dancing down to their burial, while the wild wind moans their requiem through the bare branches, was rapidly advancing, but summer resigned her sceptre with reluctance. A shelter was still indispensable to comfort. The river channel averages a hundred yards in width, muddy and shallow, with numerous bars in sight at low water. Fording is hard on account of loose cobbles at the bottom.

They had no transportation at Laramie, and we had to send to Denver for it. As we were to remain here till it returned, we set about enjoying ourselves as well as we could. Sometimes we went over to the Post to see them mount guard, but the cavalry drill was the most interesting. The horses were large and spirited, and in splendid condition. Prancing and curveting from excess of life, when they charged in platoons down banks and over ditches where it seemed they could hardly pass safely in a walk, it required nerve and practice to keep the saddle. Nor did these daring horsemen, who covered themselves with glory on many bloody fields in Mexico, always come off scatheless—two or three men being seriously injured and their horses stove up while we were there. In this school of the trooper we first saw the opening bud that promised danger and excitement enough by the time it should ripen into the hard and glorious fruit of victory. In camp, a slack-rope was stretched for gymnasts; a broken iron axle answered for dumb-bells; and foot-racing, jumping, wrestling, boxing, tumbling, and fishing with a seine borrowed from the Post, filled the time.

One incident that occurred here will perhaps pay for telling. Lieut Marshall had bought a lot of tobacco, and the Sergeant issued it to the men as they needed it, keeping an account with each. One of the boys, named Frank, draws a plug or two, and has it charged to another, called Jem. Jem is a Sucker. How he came to wander so far from the paternal acres has never ceased to be a wonder. He is not a fool—far from it—only troubled with a mild type of simplicity. Guile, or the idea of guile, has never entered his brain. Nothing can prevent a crowd from having their fun with such a character. Jem soon learned that he was charged with sundry plugs of tobacco on the Sergeant's books, and as he made no use of the weed he naturally became wrathy. Hints were dropped by one and another to bait him until he demanded a public investigation of the affair. This was what the boys wanted, and a court-martial was promptly organized for the trial of suspected parties. Jem's suspicions had been adroitly directed to Frank as the guilty party, and Frank was accordingly brought before the court. The oath administered to the witnesses being to the effect that "they wouldn't tell the truth nor nothing like the truth so help them grog," there was no difficulty in proving Frank's innocence, and that of others who were suspected. During the progress of the case, which was conducted with due solemnity, Jem. sat among the crowd as sober as if he thought himself on trial for his life. It was finally proved to the satisfaction of the court, that Jem himself had drawn the tobacco; and when the President so decided, and fined him four dollars and costs, he looked as blank as if struck by lightning. The boys told him it was too bad—outrageous—but Frank was mad, and going to maul him for falsely accusing him, unless he paid the fine in "rot" immediately. As the pleasantest alternative thus offered, Jem. forked over the four dollars, and a party started to the Post for whiskey. They returned in due time, with two quarts—three parts of it inside of them, however. Jem. drank a small swallow, to see how his money tasted. He got excited. "It was his first spree." "D—n the expense." "Who wouldn't get drunk a thousand miles from home, and 'rot' only two dollars a quart?" "He must learn to play cards. He would be a man or a long-tailed rat." "He wouldn't abuse himself." "He thought too much of his folks for that."

That evening we had a new sport. The cook threw a burning brand at some one who was molesting him. Its streaming passage through the air suggested the idea. Forthwith, fires appeared in different quarters of the grove, and soon the air was full of brands. It was a picture in miniature, of Farragut below New Orleans. One by one the boys joined in the sport till the whole camp was engaged. Jem. was there. He engineered both sides. Was the north in the ascendant? There was Jem pawing fire and bellowing like a Stentor, "Charge! Chester, Charge!" Down with the rebels." "Give 'em hell." "We'll whip 'em, by

G—d we'll whip 'em." Was the South uppermost? Jem had flown, and his lank figure, split to the armpits, stood out boldly from the midst of the blaze, where, with hat and shirt off, arms blackened to the shoulders, the sweat pouring down his smoky face in streams, he scattered fire like Vulcan forging thunderbolts; and ever as the fight lulled were heard his lusty cheerings, "We'll whip 'em—the d—d abolitionists—we'll give 'em Bull Runs till they can't rest." Jem was a tiger that night. The battle ceased towards morning. The South got cleaned out. One by one their men came over to the North, until their chief was left alone. He fought to the last, but was finally disarmed and taken prisoner.

Soon after this occurrence Marshall and Pott contrived a plan for their sport if not for ours. It was evening, and a young moon was beginning to cast shadows. We were ordered to "Fall in," and Marshall drilled us in various motions of the arms and legs, while Pott stretched a rope between two trees close by. Soon Marshall brought us into line near the rope and ordering the "charge," stood by to see the fun. Away went the men at their best speed till their shins struck the rope, when they rolled over and over in the sand-burs. Then we agreed that each should sing, speak, or tell a story. Some, took their turns agreeably. Contumacious subjects were forced to the bar and "compelled to give in evidence." Several popular songs were "did," but—

"Cot tam dat shnaik vot pites mine Shon,
He 'sh all over plack, mit fite shpots on;
He laish in ter grass, and he fistle mit him tail.
Cot tam dat Cot tam shnaik to Hail,"

carried away the palm. The tune was like a Virginia fence, jagged on both sides, It was rich. But Jude, the laughing, boisterous, buck-eye butcher had gone to bed. His turn came at last. He said he was sick. It was no go—out of bed and away went Jude, with a dozen after him. They lassoed him, after a long race, and brought him on the stage. He was dressed—in a shirt. He began, "Blaze with your serried columns, I will not bow the knee." Poor fellow! he is dead now, died as he lived—laughing. We laughed at first. His theme, his attitudes and gestures—

extra-theatrical—were so incongruous with his costume. But as he warmed with his subject, he thundered the old Chief's defiance with such truth that we forgot he was acting, and almost expected him to leap among us with a tomahawk, and seal his words with deeds. Had his skin been a shade or so darker the illusion would have been perfect. We were satisfied and the curtain fell.

There was a large encampment of Ogalallah Sioux on Laramie Creek, three or four miles above the Post, that we often visited. They were assembled in Council, preparatory to taking the war-path against the Pawnees. Their temple of ceremonies was a large booth, constructed by planting parallel rows of long slender withes in the ground about ten feet apart. The tops were then bent in and fastened together, and this frame-work filled in with small brush, basket fashion, was closed up at one end, the entrance festooned with pine boughs and wild flowers and it was ready for use. First comes the inevitable smoke. Seated in a circle round the council fire, the pipe, an iron tomahawk with hollow head and perforated handle, is filled and lighted. Each in succession takes three whiffs, invariably pouring the smoke through the nostril, till it is burned out. Then comes the dance in which all participate. Forming in a circle, facing inward, hands joined, when the music strikes up they slowly move round, chanting Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! through all the variations of the scale, though with a certain uniformity that claims a distant relation to tune. Time is kept by beating tin-pans and gourds. As their wild, untutored music rises and falls on the breeze, weird shadows from the dark forests of the east float before you. Readily assimilating, they assume a terrible shape, and midnight massacre alights in the circle and seems at home. You turn with disgust from the tawny brutes and wonder if they are the descendants of King Philip and Tecumseh.

Now comes a scene told of in books, but seldom witnessed. Some young braves are to be initiated. With sharp knives, they open great gashes in their breasts and shoulders. Two men seize the subject, pierce the quivering flesh between the cuts, with oak splints a half-inch in thickness. A pony is hitched to these and the intervening flesh torn out. Others are suspended in the air by the splints. Scourges are applied till the back and thighs are completely lacerated. During these operations not a muscle betrays their torture. More impassable than the chiefs and warriors who look on, they inflict these cruelties on themselves to prove their fortitude and courage. They are now admitted to the council and war-path as braves.

Such scenes were of daily occurrence while the encampment lasted. Whatever of savage grandeur in the Indian character they conjured from the records of history or romance, was speedily dissipated on entering a lodge. The squaws, miserable and emaciated, were baking human excrement on shingles for food, while the bucks were usually engaged lousing themselves. The squalid misery of these wasted creatures is past belief, and must be seen to be appreciated. Utter and speedy extinction is their only cure. Association with our race injures rather than benefits them. It has already done its work. Their ruin is accomplished.

CHAPTER IV.

Arrival of Transportation—Return to Denver—Chug Water—Cougar Hunt Cheyenne Pass—Marshall and Teamster have a Row—Capt. Sexton—St. Vrain's—Sexton's Party Arrested—Arrival at Denver, etc., etc.

Time passed pleasantly at Laramie for three weeks, when Charles G. Chever, Esq., arrived from Denver with transportation; and as if to stifle regret at leaving our bonny camp, the sky became overcast and three inches of snow fell that night. Next morning dark heavy wreaths of clouds hung on the white-capped hills, and the sombre evergreens shook from their outstretched arms the feathery snow. The gray precipitous rocks to the south, only relieved by an occasional pine that clung to its hold in the cleft, spite of wind and storm; the dismal look and sloppy condition of the nearer landscape, combined to give nature a most forbidding aspect, and the idea of moving south was intensely welcome. It was the 10th of October; winter was upon us; we would go and seek the truant Indian Summer.

We broke camp, bid adieu to Laramie and started for Denver, taking the mountain road. Struck Chug Water the next night. It is quite small, easily leaped at a bound, sometimes sinking entirely. The bottoms improve as we near its source. It has a small dowry of scraggy timber and lots of brush, which is alive with game. Our march became a hunt. After the first day the weather was magnificent, days fine and warm—nights clear, with a glorious moon. We enjoyed it hugely.

The night we left Chug Water one of the boys (we called him Baron, for his Munchausenism,) came in about dusk from the Black Hills on the west, and said he had wounded an elk. He was sure he had given him his death-shot, but the animal had plunged into a deep gorge and got away. The moon was up, the night splendid, and a party went out to find him. They rode as far as horses could go (the guide here excused himself on the plea of fatigue, and returned), then afoot they hunted up and down the wild ravines and climbed the steep rocky ridges until nearly exhausted, when they struck a deep chasm which the moon's soft light could not penetrate, answering to the one in which the wounded elk disappeared. Tumbling down into this, they found tracks and a small puddle of blood. Encouraged by these signs, they hurried on at the risk of their necks, but they soon came to a jumping off place. A low, heavy growl that shook the hills, arrested their attention. Peering intently through the darkness, towards the sound, they beheld two balls of fire darting sparks in every direction. They were in a cougar's den. They were too excited to shoot for an instant. A large dog venturing in reach, was quietly ripped open by a scratch of the animal's fore-paw. At this their rifles were unloaded in his carcass. A minute consumed in struggles and he was dead. They examined their prize. He was nine feet long, stood three feet high, and had arms like mill posts. The Baron had shot him through the after-parts, while lying down in the brush, and as he bounded twenty feet through the air and disappeared, he could have seen that it was no elk. Perhaps he did, and was scrupulous about following him to his lair alone. The boys now began to think of getting back, for the dead lion's mate was probably in the vicinity and might prove an ugly customer, though it is believed they will not attack a man unless forced to by hunger. They reached camp about daybreak, satisfied. They would not take any more elk-hunting by moonlight, in theirs.

We camped one night in the mouth of Cheyenne Pass. Government established a Post here a few years ago, but it is now deserted. This is a pretty place. Plenty of wood and beautiful water; horses up to their eyes in clover; a good supply of grub; magnificent weather; smooth, dry, velvety turf. So complete a camping-ground is seldom seen. We built a log fire ten rods long, and being somewhat luxuriously inclined, after our "Passage through the Wilderness," we made a wind-row of logs for a head-board, spread our blankets between, and enjoyed ourselves hard. Time always flies too fast for such solid comfort. Could we have lain there three months, it were worth while; but we must leave in the morning—who could endure the thought?

The country from Laramie here is uniformly broken. Black, bare, abrupt hills on the right; hog-backs, blocks and chips of mountains on the left, through and between which the Chug Water has found a passage. Now it begins to assume more regularity of outline, the end of the plains and commencement of the mountains is well defined. Scattered pines begin to appear on the latter, while the valley gives signs of the grazing capacity that characterizes it further south.

This section is literally alive with game. Not only elk, deer and antelope, but a herd of grazing horses—probably strayed from the settlements—fell into our hands in the course of our hunting. One of the teamsters, named George, fancying a certain colt, proposed to roach him, clip his mane and tail, and otherwise disfigure him, that his owner might not recognize him. "No, you shall not roach him," says Marshall. George replied it could make no difference to him, anyhow, and if the man who found him said roach him, he'd do it. High words brought on higher, in the usual style of disputes, until Marshall stepped close up to George, and with a very peculiar bend in his body and inferential gesture of his hand, informed him that "he did not want any more of his impudence." The affair promised to be interesting, and the boys crowded up. George drew his coat, rolled up his sleeves, struck a "posish," and replied, he would take his orders from him when he should prove himself the best man, not before. Marshall cast his eyes among the boys for encouragement. Their looks said they would see fair play—nothing more. This coolness was not what he had calculated on, it seems, for he simmered down incontinently. We enjoyed this scene immensely. Marshall was too overbearing for endurance, and we loved to see him bluffed. It did him good; a change came o'er the spirit of his dream. From that time he was more gentlemanly in his intercourse with us and with strangers.

Soon after leaving Box Elder we met Captain Sexton with a platoon of his company, then called the Rocky Mountain Rangers. The old man deigned to show no credentials, but friendly relations were soon established between himself and Marshall. We arrived on the Cache-a-la-Poudre about noon, and a claimant appeared for our ponies. Making him shell out two gallons of "rot," we gave them up and proceeded to get drunk. As to what further happened that day, deponent sayeth not.

That night Capt. Sexton, big with command, could not sleep. He went prowling around, like a certain other personage we read of, "seeking whom he might devour somebody." Once he fired his piece over camp, and then raised everybody and pretended we were attacked. Then he went out, was gone some time, came back and said he had killed a man. It is to be lamented that some man did not kill him. He moved the wagons into corral, scattering the harness over half an acre. About midnight he caused reveille to be sounded; the teamsters worked busily till daylight, getting their harness on; we breakfasted, saddled up and waited; Marshall became impatient, and called for Sexton's papers; Sexton had none; Marshall assumed command. A long day's drive brought us to St. Vrain's. Our old acquaintance of milk punch memory had a few gallons of "rot," which were soon consumed. The boys were uproarious. Sexton ordered six of his men to saddle up. As he was about to leave camp, Sergeant Pott, who was good and drunk, cried out, "Lieut. Marshall's detail, fall in with arms!" and demanded of the Captain where he was going. Captain didn't know as it was any of his business. Sergeant informed him he was slightly mistaken—"*We* command this outfit!" and as he whirled on one heel and struck a fence post, breaking it square off at the ground, and swore he'd be d——d if "we *wouldn't* command it," Sexton mumbled something about important business up the creek.

The boys edged up—Jude and Mickey and Frank, all tight—anxious lest there should be no row after all. "Let's pull the old bloat off his horse." "You called one of our boys a s—n of a b—h, in the house there." "Beg pardon for it," or——Captain would be d——d if he did! Jude's gray eyes flashed fire, as he took off his hat, raised his hand and offered to be sworn. He heard Sexton say to Oleson, as he spurned him with his foot, "He's nothing but a s—n of a b—h of a common soldier, anyhow." "S—n of a b—h of a common soldier!" he continued. "You G—d d——d old white livered whisky-tub! if you don't eat them words in three winks of a louse's tail, we'll tear you limb from gut! By G—d! you'll find we're uncommon soldiers, first you know. We don't 'low no such things as you to insult us, if you do wear shoulder-straps." Captain didn't know but he had said something of the kind—"if so, it was wrong; he begged pardon." But h—l was afloat and no pitch hot; the boys had found their tongues and a chance to abuse a commissioned officer, and they did it roundly. The racket finally reached Marshall, who appeared on the scene, and with some difficulty restored peace. Sexton went up the creek to make one Franklin take the oath of allegiance; Franklin declined taking the oath, and Sexton came back.

Pott imagined himself in command. After Sexton left, he changed the countersign, and instructed the sentinels to shoot any and all who should attempt to pass in without it. He ordered Sexton's men remaining in camp to bed. They declined going; they rather liked the fun; Pott disarmed and placed them under guard. When Sexton returned he could not get in; he had not the countersign. Pott was commander-in-chief, sergeant of the guard, relieving corporal, and I am not sure but he walked post an hour or two besides. The sentinel called Pott; Pott called Marshall; Marshall called Chever, and after a council of war Sexton's men were disarmed, Sexton was put under arrest, and towards morning things became quiet.

Frank and Bruce were on guard. The countersign was Bill Pott, (with a Dutch accent.) Bruce understood it "Milk Punch." He had been to the river to drink. Coming back he must cross Frank's beat. As he approached—"Ha-alt! Who (hic) comes thar?" "A friend." "Vance free, with (hic) countersign." Bruce advanced—"Milk Punch." "What! Stan' back." "Milk Punch." "That an' no countersign. Out o' this 'r I'll b-b-blow you brains out." Bruce tried to explain. Frank leveled and cocked his rifle. "An't you goin'?" "Then hi-here, goes." Luckily the cap snapped, and Bruce had time to get off and thus save his bacon. Many a laugh we have had over the "Bill Pott," alias "Milk Punch" countersign.

Late in the evening of the 20th of October we arrived in Denver. Next morning our prisoners were released. They returned to Golden City, vowing eternal vengeance on Lieut. Marshall. It was said the course pursued with Sexton was not only approved, but had added to Marshall's credit at head-quarters. Everybody complimented him for his bravery, judgment and decision. If Mr. Chever had not been there, however, Sexton would probably have deviled us clear to town and no one said "Why do you so?"

The company was still quartered in the Buffalo House, They used a building on the corner of G and Blake streets for a cook-house, and all messed together. Their grub was the government ration; enough, if served up with taste and economy, but they had not yet learned that this was necessary and were often in need of the most important articles. Boiled beef and weak, dirty coffee were always abundant. A very superficial observer would notice the heavy falling off in the provision line since we left town.

CHAPTER V.

Affairs in Town. Departure for Wise. Discipline. Description of Country. Colorado City and Vicinity. Haines' Ranche. Arrival in Denver. Condition of things, &c.

A slight change had chanced in town. Capt. McKee, an old Texas Indian fighter had been arrested on the point of leaving, with about forty partizans, to join Sibley's forces, now moving on New Mexico. He was confined in the city jail. A. B. Miller, who left town about the first of September, had been heard of on his way through Kansas, with a train of supplies to the Confederate thieves in New Mexico. The train had been captured. He escaped. Charley Harrison had "vamosed the ranche." The Secesh party had about "petered out." The regiment was nearly full, and armed with Springfield rifles; they could afford to laugh at the traitors were they ten times as formidable, as they were not.

News came from the South of the capture of a Government train near Fort Wise, by some Colorado guerrillas, and the recapture of the train and thieves by a party of troops from that station. On the first of November Cook received orders to accompany the U. S. Marshal to Wise and bring them to Denver for trial. Ten of us were in hospital—the second story of the mess-house. Sergeant Willis and Corporal Dutro were left in charge of the company property. But eighty remained to go. Enough were detailed from Capt. Bacchus' company to make the required number of a hundred. Every one knows how contrarily things work on such occasions. Nothing was ready. Horses were lacking; saddles and arms were lacking; clothing had to be drawn and issued. Orders were imperative, and left no margin for delay. All who were mounted started about ten A. M., and whatever they left behind they were certain of never seeing again. The Captain, with the balance of the men, got off towards night. "Hurrah for the road."

The first party mixed dough in the mouth of a sack, baked it on sticks, borrowed along the road and lived till next morning, when the mess-wagon, accompanied by

Cook and the rear guard, overtook them at Coberley's Ranche, thirty five miles from Denver. Cook's party had lost the road in a blinding snow storm and wandered diligently till morning, to find themselves but five miles from town. Daylight showed them their course, but the snow made it hard traveling.

After getting under way things settled, as they always must, into regularity. The Captain endeavored to enforce discipline. It was necessary to rapid progress. The boys were slow and heedless about "Falling in," feeding, saddling up, etc., and it was made a standing order to take the guard from the left. In a few days there *was* no left. At the first note of assembly the men seized their arms and crowded together like a flock of sheep worried by dogs. One morning they formed in three circles. The Captain looked at them an instant with a twinkle in his eye that said, I thought I would bring you to time; then turning away, said to the Sergeant, "Detail the guard in future." Thenceforth, during the trip the boys got up at reveille, fell in promptly at roll and stable calls, and never required more than ten minutes to pack up and start. So much for a little severity, which, though it seemed to fall like the rain on the just and unjust alike, enforced attention and promptness. It is the only true policy, and if a company of soldiers is slow, heedless and slovenly, depend upon it the Captain is negligent of his duty.

From Denver to Colorado City the country is a cross between the plains and mountains. Hill and dale, rock and prairie, and woodland alternate. From the divide between Cherry and Plum Creeks a fine view is afforded. Every variety of landscape lies at your feet. In the distance appears "The City of the Plains," Denver, clinging to the blue strip which marks the winding Platte, like a swarm of bees to the limb of a tree. Beyond, Long's Peak invading the clouds; nearer, the uniform valley, always brown; around, young mountains interspersed with golden openings, tree-clad hills among which Plum Creek lingers long, as if loth to forsake its native home for the desert. The scene transported me to my own New England. Following up Plum Creek a few miles you bid adieu to the waters of the Platte, cross another divide, and strike those of the Arkansas. Monument Creek, named from obelisks and pillars of sand-stone scattered along the bluffs through which it passes, flows into the Fontaine Qui Bouille just below Colorado City. These sandstone columns are the same as those observed on Horse Creek and others on Wind River, hard streaks in the original rock from which the elements have worn away the softer portions. They tell of immense alterations in the face of countries where they abound, as it is not likely they were thrown up in their present shape. Their appearance is suggestive.

Colorado City is located on the Fontaine Qui Bouille, in the gigantic shadow of Pike's Peak. Grand mountain scenery abounds in the vicinity. North of town there is a romantic spot in the edge of the mountains, which some one with a large spice of buncombe in his composition has christened "The Garden of the Gods." Entering it through a narrow gorge, cut by a small stream, you behold an area of a thousand acres, comparatively level, smothly turfed, sparsely covered with timber and brush, and surrounded by perpendicular walls of red sandstone from fifty to a hundred feet high. Columns, monuments and fragments detached from the adjacent rock stand alone as if marking the nameless graves of a departed race. The company visited it *en passant*, and whether they paid the *devoir* due the resident deities or not, retired well pleased with the bold, picturesque features of this off-hand workmanship of nature. Two miles above town is a group of soda springs. The water boils out of the solid rock in several places, and in large quantities, is cool and said to possess valuable medicinal properties. It has an agreeable taste, similar to the Congress water of the East. The town is a mere assemblage of log-cabins. Its business is small, and always will be. It is out of the way of trade and travel. The idea of locating the capital there is ridiculous. Julesburg and Conejos have about as good claims. The Boiling Fountain, rising from a spring at the base of Pike's Peak, is a fine brook, with good bottoms and a fair supply of timber. Those who think it will yet supply "all the world and the rest of mankind" with the necessaries of life, are undoubtedly laboring under a delusion.

The command camped in Colorsdo City one night, got drunk and were noisy and turbulent, as usual in such cases.

Pigs and chickens were missed the next morning by the citizens. Of course it was laid to the soldiers; I suppose justly, though I am sorry to have to admit it. Such petty plundering is beneath respectable freebooters. The sufferers were paid in coffee and bacon at least ten-fold, and the Captain hurried away from a place where "rot" was all the stock in trade. Forty miles below, the road leaves the creek, and in fifteen, strikes the Arkansas river. This celebrated stream has a wide, low bottom, some of it of the finest quality; more, sandy and worthless, covered with soap-weed, wild sage, grease wood and other unsightly shrubs of the desert. Its course is marked by a narrow strip of small cottonwood timber. William H. Russell, of Leavenworth, owns a ranche here with a large two-story frame house and a mile string of board fence on it. *That* is about the costliest crop the land will ever bear. Another pioneer, named Haines, who was not born to move in a half-bushel, has taken a fine ranche ninety miles from the Post. The improvements are projected on a Napoleonic scale, and everything about his establishment bears evidence of the careful supervision of a master hand. "Dudenflickers" were good here, and as many as could, afforded themselves the luxury of a "square meal." Mrs. Haines' biscuit and butter went *deep*, and made a lasting impression. I presume she thought so, from the way it disappeared. The boys thought her, with her neatness and dispatch, the best piece of property on the place—worth more in fact than all the balance together. Which opinion I give to the world "free gratis."

Twenty-five miles further on they left a platoon of horses that had given out. On the ninth day from Denver they passed Bent's old fort, an adobe structure, now used as a mail station, and camped ten miles below. Next day fifty of the best mounted men were selected to go to Wise and bring the prisoners. In due time they returned with the offenders, forty-two in number. A few of the worst were handcuffed. This, though necessary, was a severe precaution, as will be seen from the fact that one of these men won a wager of ten dollars by finding two hundred grey-backs on his shirt at one time. You smile reader, but it is true. Each of them was accommodated with a keeper, who led the prisoner's horse through the day and was responsible for him during the night. No conversation was allowed between them. Pleasant, was it not? A heavy guard, thirty every night, was thought necessary to prevent escape or a successful attempt at rescue. Men had said that Cook would never bring them to Denver, and the Captain was on his mettle.

As they were leaving the Arkansas, Marshal Townsend, out scouting with a posse, found a small piece of ordnance in a fodder stack. It was brought to Haines' shop, mounted, and came with the command to Denver. This was the "brilliant achievement" so fulsomely puffed in the Denver dailys.

November 18th, towards night, they arrived in Denver with all the prisoners, having been gone eighteen days. They came from Colorado City, seventy-five miles, without stopping to eat or sleep, and the party was nearly tuckered out. Capt. Bacchus' company was in the Buffalo House, and the men were left to their own resources. Major Hadley's "rot" answered the most of them for bed and board. As may be supposed, its effect was most congenial. Rows were numerous. Shots were exchanged between different parties in the streets till a young battle seemed in progress. Nothing serious occurred however. To add to the fun, a wind, such as is seldom witnessed anywhere, came and swept the streets of dust, depositing it inside the loose frame houses.

In the course of the day Marshall, on his personal responsibility, rented two buildings on Blake street for our use. Hoke's and Metzler's families moved out of the cook-house and matters and things assumed their old regularity.

CHAPTER VI.

First Regiment a Humbug. Desertions. Denver Police. Holidays. Foraging. Removal to Camp Weld. Companies H and B go to Fort Wise. Dutro in the Calaboose. Before the Police Court. News from [illegible]. Detachment of Company off to Fort Wise.

Those left in hospital had mostly recovered before the company were gone a week. They had good grub and accommodations and no duty, and might be expected to be contented. Perhaps they were—though "you can't most always tell from where you sit." A general idea obtained among us that our sphere of action would always be confined to Denver and vicinity, making us little more than a municipal police—a service alike inactive and inglorious. A thirst for fame having been one powerful inducement for enlisting, we were dissatisfied with this prospect and anxious to improve it. The idea before mentioned, that we would never be received into the United States service, in connection with the turbulent action of some companies at the barracks, nourished the belief that the First Regiment was a failure—a bubble full blown and about to burst. Then the peculiar situation of our own company: Mounted, but attached to an infantry corps; bound to them, yet apart, with little community of feeling or interests. Our officers would not accept promotion that transformed them into "doboys." The regiment was nothing to us. We might serve our time, and not know our place in a squadron. We could expect promotion only in our own company, and it was likely that officious regimental aspirants would fill even this avenue of advancement. These considerations, and many more, appealed to us—to me, at least—to improve the present favorable opportunity and extricate myself from a position combining the dangers and hardships incident to soldiering without even the spare chances of personal advantage and distinction usually attending the profession. In short, *desertion* was the only cure we could see for this muddle, and it was openly discussed. We thought circumstances were such as to greatly palliate, if not justify it. Sergeant Willis had sold the most of the company property left in his charge, including several hundred bushels of grain, before the rest of us were able to be around, and when we jumped him for a division, he averred he had lost it at "monte." We were in a scrape. If we did not inform on him, we would become accessories after the fact. If we did, we injured him irreparably, without benefiting ourselves. You say we should have delivered him to Justice! Bah! Justice is the "no account" fellow in this country. Anybody and everybody snap their fingers at Justice. What were we to do?

We could not pretend ignorance. The cheapest way to clear ourselves was to clear out, and as I fully intended to enlist again when I reached the States, it did not seem like desertion. I soon procured passage in a train, packed in my traps, and it had left town some time, when a comrade, convalescent from a long spell of sickness, who was going with me, suffered a relapse. I tramped out ten miles to the train, and recovered our things. I felt chagrined at my ill success, but considering it due to Providence, I submitted gracefully. Willis, Herriman and Seavey got off about a week before the company returned. The first was an incorrigible Secessionist, and only enlisted to make a raise. Herriman went to Kansas, and enlisted in the Second Kansas. He was so outrageous when in liquor, which was not seldom, that they attached him to a battery, and sent him to Tennessee to be killed. Seavey went to St. Louis, and after spending his money, enlisted in the Curtis Horse, and brought up at Pittsburg Landing; at last accounts he was in the "line of promotion." The Captain and company took these desertions as cooly as if it had been a matter of course. All seemed glad they were gone. Capt. Marion's company was enlisted as Mounted Rifles, and when Col. Slough attempted to muster them in as infantry, they refused to take the oath. Marion was arrested and confined in the city jail. The company left the barracks, and avowed their determination to release their Captain and leave the country either for the States or New Mexico. Doubtless they would have made the attempt, but that such precautions were taken as to effectually preclude success. Most of the men returned to camp during the succeeding few days, and were quietly mustered in. Some difficulty occurred in G company, at the same time and from the same cause. It resulted in the cashiering of Captains Marion and Hambleton. S. M. Robbins became Captain of K, and W. F. Wilder of G; and with this unfortunate exception—the blame of which can be laid to no one particularly—life at Camp Weld was very slightly diversified by events of interest. Occasionally an incorrigible *cuss* was drummed out, or some ludicrous though severe punishment, inflicted on culprits by sentence of garrison courts, furnished matter for comment. Drill was punctually attended to, and there was no better appearing set of men in the service than paraded every evening at Camp Weld. But "Idleness, the mother of mischief," was busily sowing the seeds of ruin among them. Ennui was becoming intolerable to these men, accustomed to rough, stirring work, when news came from Mexico of Texan invasion. Keeping their eyes steadily on this, as the beacon-star of their existence, the men endured, without a murmur, the impositions put upon them in the shape of worthless clothing and no clothing at all during the last few weeks of their stay at Camp Weld, and received the order to move south with unspeakable delight. On the 22d of February they started, joyful as the Hebrews on their escape from Egypt. Any place but Denver.

Nothing of note occurred on the march to the Purgatoire, where they were met by the detachment from Fort Wise. The march from thence will be found in another place.

Near the 1st of December the good people of Denver, alarmed at the growing insolence of the soldiers, among whom no one seemed disposed or was able to maintain much discipline, organized a police to preserve order in town. Henceforth it became the object of many to create and foment variance with these minions of the city. I *never loved* fighting and disturbance for their own sake, and hence could not countenance acts of aggression in any party because it was able to back them. But there are always enough who will, regardless of consequences, as they are of governing principles of right and wrong. This was too much the case with us at the time and such demonstrations of hostility to the town and to good order as were occasionally made under the *nom de plume* of company Q, calling for interference not only from the police but from our brother cohorts of the barracks, did no credit to our sense or courage.

As the holidays approached the boys began to "scour the country round" to get forage for a big time. On Christmas eve parties might have been seen wending their noiseless way through back alleys, whispering cautiously on street corners, or carefully reconnoitering out-houses. One party worked anxiously and assiduously a long time to pick the lock of a hen-roost door that was hung on leather hinges. Another, with great labor and no little risk of detection, carried a forty-gallon barrel of vinegar to the quarters, supposing it to be "rot." Pigs were coaxed and driven to the cook-house door. A pistol would appear at a knot-hole and piggy would disappear at a trap-hole. Eggs, hams, oysters, champaigne, cheese and vegetables were the results of the night's foraging. It was rough on the town, but we had been dogs now four months without pay. No money in the company. We could n't live over Christmas on bread and beef. It already stunk in our nostrils like quails in those of Israel.

Christmas dawned. By breakfast half a dozen were drunk. Mart was caving. The side-walk was altogether too small for him. He transferred the billingsgate of the "hells" to the street. Police appeared on the corners; Mart became more scurrilous than ever; we tried to get him to quarters—no use; word was sent for a patrol. We took hold of him, and were dragging him off when the Sheriff, City Marshal and a posse of police came up and attempted to capture him. We held his arms, but he kept an open space in front of him by the unsparing use of his feet. The rumpus attracted a crowd. Marshall, Wilson and a patrol came running up from quarters. George W. felt of the Sheriff's windpipe. "Loose your hold." "Not till the bugle blows." A little sparring was exchanged, and the citizens gave it up and kindly allowed us to manage our own affairs. The city was lawful "loot," the rest of the week. Everything was gobbled. Beef, mutton, vegetables, wine, cheese and clothing. Loads of hay were sold while the owner was "smiling" with a confederate. The city complained, and no wonder!

We were removed to the barracks. Companies H and B had been sent to Fort Wise to garrison that post, and we occupied the vacant quarters. They were the best we had ever been in, but there was some mismanagement in the affairs of the company, whereby we ran short of meat. We applied to the Captain, and he gave orders to his non-coms which died in the utterance. Wilson laid the fault to Place, from whom he had a month previous taken the control of the company rations. Place explained it to suit himself, and didn't care whether others were satisfied or not. The consequence, dear reader, was just what might be expected. We jayhawked pork, beef and mutton, wherever we could, successfully. If the company was moved to the barracks to rid the town of it, the action taken failed of its object. As Major Chivington said, "They only came to camp to get their meals." Whoever failed to get out on the regular pass, failed none the less to pass the sentinels guarding the fold, and proceeding to town, failed not again to take vengeance on their supposed enemies in every way they could think of.

Soon after New Years, Mart was in town alone, drinking and defiant, as usual (he had no special love for the police), when four or five of them, clubbing their pistols, knocked him senseless and carried him off to the lockup. "Now came still evening on," and some twenty of the boys, headed by Sergeant Wilson, whom the Captain had expressly ordered to stay in quarters, went up, broke open the calaboose, took Mart out and returned to camp with him. Howe immediately applied to the Captain, who requested Mart to go back and deliver himself to the custody of the city. Supposing their honor safe in the Captain's hands, the boys consented. Soon after, he was tried before the police court for resisting the City Marshal on Christmas day. Though it was fairly proven that he was in the hands of a patrol at the time of the attempted arrest, he was fined fifty dollars, and doomed to lie in the city jail till it was paid.

Cook became surety for the prisoner's appearance at the March term of the United States Court, to which he appealed the case, thus permitting Mart to return with us to camp. It is over now, and there is no use in hard feelings, but we were not disposed to submit to what we considered the insults of the Denver people.

Poor Mart! Ere the time of his trial before an impartial tribunal, and consequent justification, came round, he had yielded his life in the cause of his country. His death attested his bravery. His corpse was embalmed in the tears of his comrades, and his memory will be green in their hearts when his traducers are dead and forgotten.

In the first days of the year an express arrived from the south, with news of the advance on New Mexico of three or four thousand Texans under Brig. Gen. H. H. Sibley, and a call for our assistance. If we had started promptly, we could probably have prevented the Texans from entering the Territory at all, but the troops having been mustered into the service, could only be moved out of Colorado by orders from headquarters. The acting Governor applied to Gen. Hunter for authority to send the regiment to the aid of New Mexico, and as soon as the orders were obtained, the long desired word to march was given. The delay caused much murmuring in camp, but I suppose it was unavoidable.

On the 10th January, Capt. Cook received orders to report, with one Lieutenant and fifty men, to Lieut. Col. Tappan, at Fort Wise. We arrived there on the 20th, experiencing the coldest weather of the season on the road. Having been over this route before, description is unnecessary.

CHAPTER VII.

Fort Wise. Description of. Robbery of Sutler. Lieut. Warner. Cook goes to Denver. Finds the boys furnishing their own grub and clothing. Affair with Jews. Decease of Lieut. Buell. Death of Henderson. Arrival of Detachment at Wise.

Fort Wise (now Fort Lyon) is situated on the north bank of the Arkansas river, about one hundred and forty miles from the mountains. The buildings are stone laid in mud, with dirt roofs and floors. Quarters and stables are ranged on the sides of a square plat of smooth level ground, containing perhaps twenty acres. The other necessary buildings are grouped in the background, giving the whole that neat appearance so pleasing to the military eye. Colonel Bent's new fort, situated on a rocky ridge running to the water's edge, a short distance below, furnishes a good commissary. It was built by Sedgewick's command of 850 men, in the winter of '60–'61, after a summer campaign among the Indians. It is a convenient station from whence to hold in awe the hostile tribes of the upper Arkansas. The river is about thirty yards wide, easily forded in any ordinary stage of water, though the site is sometimes flooded when the melting snow is running out of the mountains.

Inside of the loose stone corrals no furniture was seen — nothing but bare walls and dirt floors. Decreasing snow-banks marked the deficiencies in the roofs, and there was not a foot of lumber within two hundred miles with which to remedy these defects. Nice quarters were they not? Blankets, arms and clothing were thrown in the dirt because there was no other place to put them, and we found that our experience in cooking and eating, with no conveniences but fire and fingers, extensive as it was, had still left us mere tyros in the art. Discovering that we must help ourselves out of these hog-pens or remain in them, we divided into messes, occupied some deserted rooms, stole and cut up wagon-boxes for bunks and tables, bought a set of dishes and some cooking utensils and lived to suit ourselves while we remained there. It is the pleasantest of all the government Posts near the mountains, from Laramie to El Paso.

An occurrence happened here which came near breaking up the company. It had been whispered for several days that something unusual was on the tapis, and those who were supposed to be all right were warned to be on the watch. Late one evening a crowd passed silently over to the sutler's store, and with a big rock smashed in the door. Sentinels prevented any one from escaping from the store till it was rifled and the plunder secreted. When it was reported at headquarters patrols of regulars were sent out to search for it and the thieves. They had been to our room once and it was long since midnight, but the boys were full of the devil and could not sleep. Some one goes out and brings in another package of candy. This was just scattered over the table when another squad, under Lieut. Warner, Post Commandant, burst into the room. He ordered us to move back into the long corral, and with a countenance long as the road to America, took down our names. The next day he directed Lieut. Marshal (Cook had gone to Denver,) to arrest us.

In justice I must say, that although soldiers cannot reasonably be expected to have any very tender regard for the feelings or rights of sutlers, though the boys were indignant at Winsor's outrageous prices and the fact that he was secesh in principle, still in this petty burglary we had not the honor or dishonor (according to your taste, reader,) of the innitiation. We made ourselves liable as accessories on the principle that having the game we could better endure the name and fame.

All were sorry it had occurred, especially since it had been found out, but we could see no better way than to put a bold face on it, and if the worst should come of it we would leave together for New Mexico, where we doubted not our assistance would be appreciated. As often as there were rumors of arrest and punishment we gathered into our fortress of stone, resolved to stand by each other in resistance. A foolish course indeed, but we were only *playing* soldier then. The biggest *roue*, the shrewdest and most unreasonably mutinous, was the best fellow.

Fortunately we were prevented from making asses of ourselves by the course pursued by Warner. He appointed a Board of Examination, consisting entirely of our own officers, and they desiring to hush the matter up it was easily done. It ended by the officers refunding the amount to the suttler from their own pockets, and reading us a severe lecture on our dishonorable proceedings, which we could but acknowledge we richly deserved.

Lieut. Warner was the first regular officer with whom we had come in contact, and he gave great offense in asserting his dignity. Our manners were so widely different from the respectful style of the regulars that it was only natural for him to be peremptory in his intercourse with us. He was viewed as an intolerable nuisance, to be abated as far as possible, and numerous were the petty vexations put upon him in consequence. Since a year's sojourn in New Mexico, and constant association with regular officers of all grades, we have come to look on Warner as a fair specimen of his class.

Near the end of the month Cook started to Denver to bring the balance of his company. He found them enjoying themselves very well, considering that they had to furnish a good share of their grub and clothing. This they succeeded in doing at some rate, and as success is the usual test of merit, they deserve commendation for their dexterity. Hogs, sheep and other small stock in the vicinity were roundly taxed, nor did good fine beef, within a night's ride of town, escape their toll. Copper and brass were transformed into the brightest imaginable spelter, and the astute traders of Denver preferred it to the good old-fashioned "retorted."

One operation by which they supplied themselves with clothing deserves mention. People had become tired of feeding and clothing the regiment on government credit without immediate prospect of ready cash. The consequence was the quartermaster quit furnishing, and the soldiers were thrown on their own resources. Evidently something must be "did," and it was about like this.

Soon after dark one evening, word went round that a speculation was afoot to get some clothing, and as many as wished to embark in it should "Fall in." About twenty assembled directly, and started for town. On coming to the guard a sentinel was heard to whisper, "Them fellows look as if they mean to go out anyhow," and accordingly they were not challenged. Arriving in town they proceeded to a well known establishment, owned by some Jews, and entering, one of them, who acted as spokesman, and who was the only one that spoke, politely informed the Jews that they were in pressing need of some clothing, and government having failed to furnish them, they were compelled to take it. At the same time they commenced helping themselves to what they needed most or came handiest.

The owners, almost dumb with astonishment, remonstrated. No use. They started towards different doors to get out and obtain protection—too late—the doors were guarded. They next beset the only man who had not lost his tongue, for a list of what they were taking and the names of the men. At this, every man came forward and showed his assortment, but they conscientiously refused to give their names. Mr. Spokesman then gave a name as his, and with the slightest imaginable spice of sarcasm in his voice, advised them to keep quiet and they would undoubtedly be paid. Leaving the store they returned to camp. The same sentinel who passed them out without challenging was on post, and ascertaining who they were, he admitted them without calling the Sergeant of the Guard. Thus the officer of the guard knew nothing of it. On looking at a watch, they observed they had been gone from quarters precisely an hour.

Next morning down came one of the Jews, and detailed the transaction to Col. Slough. I do not know what circumstances conspired to cast suspicion on company F. It is certain it fell there. The Orderly Sergeant was sent for, and on his appearance the following conversation ensued:

"Sergeant, did you call the roll last evening at sundown?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were the men all present?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you call the roll again at tattoo?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were the men all present then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Major, go over to the guard house, and see if they were reported present, as the Sergeant says."

"Did you know of any of the men being absent during the evening?"

"I was playing a game of chess, and consequently not paying much attention to what was going on."

"Well, it is strange, to say the least of it. Here is a gentleman, who says a man, answering to your name, was at his store last night, with a squad of men, and committed an extensive robbery of clothing"—addressing the plaintiff—"Is he the man?"

"I think he is, sir."

Sergeant draws his hand from his pocket, exposing a pair of steel knuckles—

"Hold on, Sergeant, hold on."

"If he says I had any hand in robbing him, last night, or any other time, I'll knock the face off him!"

"No, no!" broke in the Jew. "I didn't mean to say it *was* you, for certain, but you look very much like him."

"And is similarity of looks sufficient ground on which to accuse a man and a soldier of the crime of larceny? I can bring men here in half an hour that you can't tell apart, for your life. Beware how you spread this vile calumny, as you value your good looks."

At this moment the Major returned from the guard house, and confirmed the Sergeant's report. The Colonel was disposed to drop it, but the Sergeant, whose honor was impeached, insisted on following it up. As a short time must elapse before the "bus" would come back from town, the Sergeant returned to quarters, and one of the men, slightly smaller, but who resembled him closely enough to be often mistaken for him, put on his clothes and proceeded with the Colonel and his party to town. All the proprietors of the store thought they recognized in the accused the leader of the men who had robbed them, and no doubt would have brought their tender consciences to swear to it, so anxious were they to secure some one on whom to make reprisals. But the counterfeit Sergeant, who, it is unnecessary to say, was innocent, held his ground so firmly that the Jews began to think themselves mistaken, and that perhaps they had "caught a Tartar," in the bargain.

A spectator now came to the rescue, by stating that a friend of his, an *honest* man, belonging to the city guard, was present last night, and might be depended on to settle the matter.

"Go find him," says the Colonel, "I have n't seen an honest countenance this morning, and the sight would be refreshing, at least."

With this left-handed compliment, they left the store together, and meeting our honest home guard on the street, the Colonel inquired of him if the Sergeant present was the man who led the jayhawking party last night?" To which Honesty promptly replied, "No, sir. He was a much heavier, taller man than this. I could easily pick him from a hundred."

"Go to your quarters, Sergeant," said the Colonel.

In the meantime, the Major, knowing that a search of the quarters was inevitable, made a tour of inspection, and by some apparently unmeaning remark, warned the boys to bestow their plunder well out of sight. Instantly, or sooner, the new clothes came off. They were hardly buried in the corral, when the Jews, accompanied by the

City Marshal, came and made as thorough a search as their fears would allow. Finding nothing, they took it away.

But an unlucky circumstance came near exposing the whole affair, so nearly settled. A party, headed by Capt. Anthony, of E Company, were out after Sergeant Marshall, also of E, who had deserted. Some of our boys were along, and when whiskey got the better of their sense they blowed the whole thing to the captain. This gave a new turn to the wheel, and nothing but the obstinate denial, when sober, of everything said while drunk, saved an exposure of the entire transaction.

The whole company was confined in the guard-house, and four or five of the chief officers, with the Jews, searched the corral and quarters again. As before, nothing was found, and they released the boys from "durance vile" and dropped the matter.

About the 1st of February Lieut. Buell, of E Company, deceased, after a short illness. His death was universally regretted, and his funeral was attended by unusual pomp and solemnity; all the military and many civilians taking part in the ceremonies. He was a young man of good connexion and fine abilities.

It was near the same time that suspicions were aroused of a plot to burn the barracks and release the secesh prisoners from the city jail. One man named Henderson was boarding in the barracks and had been hanging around all winter with no particular business that any one knew of, unless clerking for a laundress could be called business. He was arrested as a secesh spy, tried by court-martial and sentenced to death. Col. Slough would not confirm the sentence, however, and finally all the officers on the court backed down but three. Henderson was confined in a part of the officers' quarters, and one morning he was found dead, having been shot by the guard, in an attempt to escape.

The company was restless under the management of affairs, which progressed steadily from bad to worse, and had they not left for Wise when they did many would undoubtedly have deserted. They started on the 9th of February and arrived at Wise near the 20th. We were sincerely glad to see them. Soon thereafter an order from Gen. Hunter was published, assigning us to the support of Col.

Canby, in New Mexico, and indicating New Orleans as the ultimate point of our destination. This was received with immense cheering, and we fell to making preparations for the anticipated march, with a will that soon left nothing to be accomplished.

Henceforth my story will take the form of a diary. Constantly on the march, the events and impressions of each day were noted down as they transpired. Perhaps I ought to state here what every one knows, if they give it a thought, that causes and objects of military movements are generally concealed from the soldier, and he is left to conjecture; or more properly, not supposed to think at all. Could this be otherwise, which it cannot from the nature of war, much criticism of officers' conduct among their men would be obviated.

I am a private soldier, depending upon the rumors of camp for my information. I may often mistake; may censure where praise is due, and vice versa. For this I must beg indulgence, for my vision comprehends only the rear of events as they pass out of sight. Besides, this diary is intended to mirror the feelings of the soldiers as faithfully as possible. If it is not always just, it will still, I trust, be interesting as exhibiting the present view of events contrasted with the hue they take from time. My impressions of officers are only impressions, and I wish them taken for no more. My statements of facts coming under my own observation, may be relied on as true. "I shall nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice."

CHAPTER VIII.

Departure for Union. Exciting Rumors. News from Denver. Meet the Balance of the Regiment at the Purgatoire. Col. Slough. Crossing the Range. View from the Summit. Red River. Forced March. Cimarron. Maxwell's Ranche. The Reyado. Approach to Union. Description of Post. Garrison. Camp, &c.

March 1st, 1863.

Just at dusk an express came in from the south, reporting an engagement on the 21st of February, near Fort

Craig, N. M., between our forces and the Texans, in which, says RUMOR, they captured, at an immense cost of blood, the field battery, consisting of six pieces of various calibre, commanded by Capt. McRae, though not till he and nearly all his men were killed or disabled. Capt. Dodd's company of volunteers, enlisted at Canon City, all killed but two. Texans to the number of three thousand had passed the Post and were coming up the country. All of which was exciting, if not reliable. Marching orders were immediately published, and gave universal joy.

MARCH THIRD.

After one and a half day's convulsive effort we were on the road. At our first camp we were visited by a most distressing snow-storm. I was on guard and enjoyed it hugely. Poets have sung the beauties of storms and tempests. Viewed from a station beyond their influence, they may be superlatively charming, for all I know, but watching a camp through the long, sullen hours of darkness, when the cold wet snow is driven in one's face almost to smothering, is no place to appreciate their beauties. I have but little taste for the society of Byron's "younger brothers." From 11 o'clock till morning I crouched on the leeward side of a tent, blinded by clouds of smoke from the damp remains of our camp-fires. It was a sweet time for contemplation, but as the scene was only calculated to inspire gloomy or cynical thoughts, I omit to insert them, for which, reader, I expect *mil gracias.*

MARCH FOURTH.

Camped at Bent's old fort. Capt. Garrison, Chief of Subsistence at Fort Union, arrived by special coach, on his way to Wise, to urge our immediate advance. His report of the engagement below adds nothing to the stock of rumors already current. He says our defeat, if such it is, was caused by the cowardice of the native volunteers, and thinks the captured artillery will be of little use to the enemy, because of his lack of ammunition. Owing to his representations, Lieut. Col. Tappan, in command, has concluded to send back all baggage but a change of shirts and pair of blankets for each man, and hurry forward as fast as possible. We could get no clear idea of things in New Mexico, and it appeared they had none at Union. Communication between there and Craig was perilous and uncertain, because the Texans occupied a portion of the intervening country.

MARCH FIFTH.

Left the Arkansas and struck across to the Purgatoire, a distance of seventy-five miles, over a prairie country, mostly level, with little water and less timber. During the day, Lieut. Sanford, of H company, arrived from the regiment, which left Denver in February and crossed the Arkansas at Pueblo yesterday morning. Our routes intersect at the crossing of the Purgatoire. He brings news from Denver of the return of Gilpin from Washington, and the escape of the Fort Wise prisoners—a not unexpected sequel to the half-hearted proceedings all through. These miscreants will now be in time to join the Texans in New Mexico, with a full knowledge of our plans, disposition and strength; for which we may thank ourselves.

MARCH SEVENTH.

Struck the Purgatoire at the base of the Raton Mountains, half an hour after the regiment had arrived. They had marched forty miles that day—so had we. Cheers, long and loud, greeted us as we marched into camp. They have an abundance of transportation at present, for which they are chiefly indebted to their own industry. Sent away from Denver in a comparative state of destitution, they were obliged to pick up such little conveniences as teams and wagons on the way. They did it. If they gave offense in this unavoidable proceeding, it should be attributed to the pressure of circumstances.

Our camp this evening, augmented by seven hundred men, has the bustle and hum of a small town. We "fell in" and gave the Colonel three cheers and a tiger. He raised his cap, but did not speak. How little some men understand human nature. He had been our Colonel six months; had never spoken to us; and on the eve of an important expedition, after a long absence, could not see that a few words were indispensable to a good understanding. He has a noble appearance, but the men seem to lack confidence in him. Why, I cannot tell—nor can they, I think. His aristocratic style savors more of eastern society than of the free-and-easy border, to which he should have become acclimated but that it is bred in the bone.

MARCH NINTH.

Camped last night at the Beaver Dams, half way from the creek to the summit. Started early this morning to cross the range, on top of which we arrived about noon. The view from this point is magnificent. Mountains meet the eye wherever it turns. Away to the west, the Spanish Peaks rise grand and towering—their bald temples silvered with snowy lines, like the gray hairs of some old-time Anaks—their crowns encircled with a wreath of storms, they seem the natural guardians of this wild region, the august witnesses of a grander order of things now passed away. At their feet, a small park spread its soft, turfy carpet, as if to woo the reluctant sunshine, or charm to its embrace aught that lives and breathes to dispel the awful solitude hanging on the unhewed hill sides, crouching in the dark shadow-haunted chasms, or sighing in the storm-nursed pines. I thought it a fit abode for a hermit, if such there be.

On the east, appeared a spur of the Raton,—riven from the parent chain by a deep gorge, the bed of a mountain stream,—broken and worn by original convulsion and elemental action into the boldest, bluffest and most fantastic crags imaginable. Over and beyond these, one looked in vain for the plains of the Arkansas and its tributaries. South, we could imagine, rather than see, the promised land where battles were to be fought and glory achieved.

Soon we began to descend, and lost sight of the grand scenery. As the hills contracted more and more, we crossed and recrossed, over a rough road the little brook we were following down to Red River. When we emerged from the Canon, on a plain clothed with the short, yellow, crisp grass, common to this region—studded here and there by lone table mountains and lonelier peaks, some bare, some densely and others sparsely covered with evergreens—the view was wild and picturesque; too sunshiny and interesting for my ideas of New Mexico.

An ambulance from the south met us on the mountain. Its inmates gave the Colonel some jumbled intelligence about the Texans threatening Fort Union, upon which we added wings to our speed and about 8 o'clock arrived on Red River—here a soft bottomed brook. We halted, took dinner and supper at once, and leaving everything but our arms and a pair of blankets per man, in charge of a Corporal's guard, proceeded with all possible and impossible speed towards our destination, eighty miles distant.

The teams, relieved of their loads, took aboard a full complement of passengers, leaving, however, between three and four hundred to foot it. Away into the wee hours of morning did we tramp, tramp, tramp,—the gay song, the gibe, the story, the boisterous cheer, all died a natural death. Nothing broke the stillness of night but the steady tramp of the men and the rattle of the wagons. We were now to prove the sincerity of those patriotic oaths so often sworn, and right nobly was it done. At length the animals began to drop and die in harness, from overwork and underfeed, which forced us to stop. But for this, we would doubtless have made Union without a halt. Col. Slough rode in the coach. That never stops between Red River and Union. Why should we?

Thirty miles would no more than measure this night's march, in which the men proved their willingness to put forth every exertion on demand. But feeling as they did, that there was no call for it but the Colonel's caprice, their "curses were not loud but deep." During the halt, they hovered over the willow brush fires or shivered under their scanty blankets, nursing their indignation by the most outrageous abuse of everything and everybody. A soldier would grumble in heaven. As it is all the solace they have for their numerous privations and vexations, and is very harmless, let them growl.

At the first sign of daylight "Assembly" sounded as shrilly as if waking to renewed exertion the iron sinews of a steam engine, instead of a weary mass of human energy scarcely composed to rest. But it was none the less inexorable, and satisfying nature with a crust of hard bread, we were on the road again.

March Tenth—4 A. M.

Soon after we started a bitter cold wind arose and increased in fury till it became a hurricane. Major Chivington's big grays and saddle mule were left where they fell, *dead*. Our road to-day skirted the base of the range, bending in a circular form around a kind of delta, from which issued the headwaters of the Cimarron. The mountains, piercing the sky with their snow-capped peaks, wore an aspect of gloom, recalling Harold's—

> "Palaces of nature, whose vast walls
> Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
> And throned eternity in icy halls
> Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
> The avalanche."

But the landscape that modestly hid its charms beneath their circling shadows, as seen from the hills over which we approached, was beautiful beyond description. One could scarcely imagine a lovelier. The smooth level turf, robed with a golden carpet, patches of dark evergreens, so tame in a forest, so picturesque in an opening, artistically distributed, while a half dozen mountain streams, converging to form the Cimarron, wander over it; the rough casting of the mountains, with the fine finish of the valley, formed, together, an assemblage of the sublime and beautiful to delight the worshipper of nature. We traversed the sylvan retreat and crossed three or four branches before we came to the main one, which lies lower.

One of Fremont's old companions in his exploring expeditions, named Maxwell, is located here. The first bottom is fifty rods wide, cultivated in corn and small grain. It has a moderately fertile appearance. There is a steam flour-mill on the premises and the biggest barn west of the Missouri river. Maxwell's stock covers a thousand hills, to say nothing of vallies. Alphabet Arny, of Kansas, Ute Indian agent, makes this his headquarters. He seemed anxious to be of some use, and offered to furnish some boots at $12.00 per pair. We concluded not to purchase.

Our stock here exhibited the effects of the late heavy driving, fifteen or twenty being sick at once. Many died, and we were forced to travel slower as the only alternative of losing them all. It may answer to rush the last fifty miles of a journey, but never the last hundred. Ten miles travel in the evening brought us to the Reyado.

The ranche was built by Carson & Maxwell, some years ago, and belongs to the latter. It is situated on a small creek, in a beautiful valley, and is composed of a plaza, surrounded by adobe walls eighteen inches thick and eight to ten feet high. Excepting in front the walls are double and far enough apart to furnish a convenient apartment, say twelve feet in width. This plaza is winged by similar smaller courts, walled in by houses. Adobe corrals for stock, and out-door ovens of the same material, finish the picture. It was constructed with a view to defense against Indians, who were extremely hostile here ten years ago. I describe it particularly because it is the first thoroughly Mexican establishment we have seen. The present incumbent is well disposed and liberal, giving us one hundred and sixty pounds of sugar and one hundred of coffee, besides accommodating several companies with house room.

The wind, which had blown all day with uncommon force, meeting here with solid walls, rose and came straight down on us, filling every corner of our camp with smoke and dust. The boys "scronging" around the fires, each with a pound of beef hung on a stick, which they were trying to roast, but which they were only peppering with dirt and ashes, and smoking beyond all human endurance, cursing and growling as usual, while the smoky tears rolled down their cheeks, were a study for a painter.

While thus engaged, the Major came in with a lariat, taken off a stolen animal, hoping to prove the thief by it. He soon found an owner for the lariat, but unluckily for his purpose not the culprit. This last had quietly traded the animal for another, each to run his own chances. On the appearance of the owner the horse was thus found with a man innocent of the theft, who, true to the instinct that teaches thieves not to inform on each other, remained silent as to the guilty party, and so it passed off. The Reyado is thirty miles from Union.

MARCH ELEVENTH.

Road emerging from the canons between hills gains quite and elevation in a few miles. Passed considerable stock fleeing New Mexico for greater security. The Sierra Madre, at whose base we have traveled from Laramie, by [illegible] Colorado and Maxwell's, including Laramie, Long's, Pike's and Spanish Peaks, seems here tapering off and losing itself in scattered blocks and ridges, though one would think from the general elevation that we had climbed up to them in place of their sinking down to us. As we approach Fort Union it is uniformly descending. A little stagnant alkali stream sneaks along the valley, which is perhaps four miles wide, smooth and pretty, bounded on the east and west by timbered ridges of no great elevation. Within a mile of the west side of the valley, on a gentle swell, is the fortification. A simple field work of moderate size, with bastioned corners, surrounded by dirt parapet and ditch, with a slight abattis at exposed points. The armament is poor, consisting mostly of howitzers, but the supply of ammunition is deemed sufficient for any emergency. It has bomb-proof quarters in and surrounding it, forming part of the works, sufficiently large to accommodate 500 men besides the necessary room for stores.

Immediately under the ridge, precipitous and rocky, and about two hundred feet high, bounding the valley on the west, lies the old Post. It is built of adobes, logs, slabs and lumber, without any apparent order or system, and contains the usual accommodations of barracks.

We arrived about dark, from unloaded the wagons, formed in column and marched into the Post, "with drums beating and colors flying." Upon arriving in front of commanding officer Paul's quarters we halted, while he and Governor Connelly welcomed us, in a few rather unintelligible words, to their assistance. They commended the zeal with which we had accomplished the march from Denver, but said nothing of the battle of Val Verde or of the whereabouts of the enemy at present; subjects that might naturally be supposed to slightly interest us. I thought they might as well have permitted the boys, hungry and tired, to go to their camp, near the fortification, as to have perpetrated this farce.

The infantry got into camp about 9 o'clock, P. M., and some of the officers obtained supplies from the commissary the same night. One company did not camp at all, but finding no provision made for them after their long march on hard-bread, proceeded to the nearest sutler's store, pitched [illegible] of some half [illegible] of [illegible] stewing [illegible] and a box of crackers! In the discussion of these they forgot all their weariness and hunger—luckily for them. They slept in the corral with their horses.

The regulars in the Post, of which there were probably four hundred, were glad to see us, for they had been whipped in the fight below, and it was an indisputable fact that the Texans were having it their own way in the Territory. A good portion of the garrison has come through the mountains from Fort Craig since the battle, and they often come to see us and talk about the fight. It is impossible to give a reliable statement of the affair as every one tells a different story.

CHAPTER IX.

Shooting of Lieut. Gray by Sergeant Philbrook. Issue of Clothing and Arms. March on Santa Fe. Robbing the Sutler. Description of Las Vegas. Tecolote. Ojo de Vernal. Movement in Advance to [illegible] at Pecos Ruins.

MARCH THIRTEENTH.

A team arrived with our baggage left on Red River, or what remained of it. Sergeant Place came with it, having failed to get either receipts or satisfaction from the picayunish authorities at Wise, for the plunder sent back in his charge.

In the evening an incident occurred in the infantry camp, which, though distressing, is but the natural consequence of the [illegible] of public sentiment prevalent in the regiment. Lieut. Gray, of B company, was shot, in the act of arresting Sergeant Philbrook, of K, for drunkenness and noise. There are fifty different stories about it; but, as near as I can judge, the Sergeant had little provocation. He shot five times at Gray, and hit him once. The ball struck up the bridge of the nose, between the eyes, and glancing down lodged in the lower part of the face. It did not seriously injure him. Other officers near by emptied their revolvers at Philbrook, but he escaped their shots and was finally confined in the guard house.

At first there was much excitement, B company demanding instant justice by lynch process, extenuating their Sergeant's case by circulating various versions of the affair, favorable to him. By the firmness of Capt. Sanborn, officer of the day, the prisoner was saved from Judge Lynch, locked up, and the excited passions of all parties allowed time to cool. Doubtless, Gray was peremptory in the discharge of his duty, but no one in his senses will say that his conduct justified the attempt of the Sergeant to kill him.

It is too much the impression among us that whisky justifies anything, and that a free use of it is a necessary qualification of a gentleman. The present is likely to prove an occasion for a severe lesson on this and kindred topics. We have played soldier a good long time and with a high hand. It would not surprise me if things were to take a different aspect. Surely a change cannot occur too soon. Such scenes as this and others that could be easily pointed out in our history, are ruinous and disgraceful to the perpetrators not only as soldiers but as men.

MARCH FOURTEENTH.

The Quartermaster's Department was busy, issuing arms and clothing to the regiment. An express arrived from Gen. Canby, and Madame Rumor has kindly furnished the news as follows:

Canby has captured a large train coming from below, with an escort of one hundred and fifty men. Gen. Sibley is at Santa Fe, and recruits are rapidly swelling his ranks. His number is variously estimated at from twenty-five to thirty-five hundred. Of this we shall be better able to judge when we meet them. Reports are rife every day of the near approach of any desired or undesired number of Kansas troops, but, like the Adventists' Messiah, the date of their arrival is postponed from time to time, to suit the prophets. I state these *on dits*, not because they are worthy of qualities, but do give a certain idea of how people amused themselves [illegible] judgment [illegible] [illegible]

MARCH TWENTY-FIRST.

Capt. [illegible] leaves for Denver with the [illegible] that transported the regiment here. A detail of twenty, under Sergeant Wilson, was sent after the train to search it for missing public property. It was cold and windy, and at the end of the first, just as one hastily began to think of settling down in a warm bed, the trite expression "Who wouldn't be a soldier?" acquired new sense. The slave of necessity, and of his fellows, which is worse, the sport of destiny, the prey of death, disease and mutilation, he becomes heedless and selfish. Experience alone can teach what is comprehended in that last word.

Life, devoid of excitement, palls on his taste; excitement is sought, whether it be in the battle, in the brawl, in the jollification on the bottle—what matters how, so the blood is stirred—he asks no favors, but wades in. A short life and a merry, with a long truce to care and trouble. "Who wouldn't be a soldier?" The detail returned next morning, having accomplished what all expected—nothing.

MARCH TWENTY-SECOND.

Last night the boys broke into the Sutler's cellar and gobbled a lot of whisky, wine, canned fruit, oysters, etc.

The regiment, accompanied by two light batteries, Captains Ritter and Claflin, Capt. Ford's company of Colorado Volunteers and two companies of the Fifth Infantry, moved on Santa Fe. The force numbers about 1,300—Col. Slough in command. Marching orders were published yesterday, but an express from Gen. Canby arrived in the night, and the order was countermanded. It is said that Col. Slough received directions from Canby to remain and garrison Fort Union. As this would not prevent the Texans from having it over New Mexico, the Colonel thought proper to disobey his orders. The order was again published this morning, and the column put in motion. About noon we succeeded in getting under way [illegible]

[illegible] early, [illegible] from the sutler last night [illegible] with the [illegible] nothing. [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] all the goods they [illegible] thirty, for [illegible] burying, plunder, drinking, fighting and carousing with Mexican women, at the [illegible] five or six miles from Union. [illegible] two drunk [illegible] taken to [illegible] Many [illegible] during the night [illegible] The [illegible] at the [illegible] a small [illegible] eight miles from the Post.

All the sutlers in New Mexico are traitors at heart. Still they merrily fatten on the government they would destroy. Their property is lawful "loot" to Union soldiers, in my way of thinking.

Sergeant Philbrook was on trial yesterday before general court-martial. It is the most important case that has occurred in the regiment, and consumed the entire day. As his offense is utterly subversive of all military authority, he stands a slim chance of escape. But such is life—a seething mixture of weakness and crime, involving penalties inexorable as fate. Lieut. Gray is almost well.

MARCH TWENTY-THIRD.

This morning saw us early on the road, over a [illegible] section of country. A [illegible] range of [illegible] to our right. Bending gradually towards the east, they intersect our route just beyond the town of Vegas, twenty-five miles from Union. At the base of this range flows El Rio Gallinas, the most [illegible] branch of the Pecos, [illegible] we descended into the valley of this stream [illegible] observed at numerous points [illegible] along the road [illegible] newly [illegible] We could then only conjecture their signification. Since that time [illegible] frequently seen them, and in very different [illegible]

[illegible] They are frequently mounted by [illegible] and are [illegible] of the [illegible]

On the south bank of the river, [illegible] is situated the Mexican town [illegible]. It has the appearance, at a distance, of a [illegible] improved but slightly on closer acquaintance. The buildings are [illegible] feet high with flat roofs, built of adobes and generally plastered with mud. Those surrounding the plaza are ornamented with porticos and a coat of whitewash. In front [illegible] church in a building of [illegible] pretensions. The ground plan is in the form of a cross, perhaps [illegible] feet [illegible] one and one-half stories high, with a single [illegible] and an [illegible] steeple surmounted by [illegible]. It is decidedly the most [illegible] looking object in town.

There is a plaza of, say, an acre's extent; the streets are tolerably regular and straight; courts and corrals occupy the vacant portions of squares, and there is not a spire of grass nor a green thing to be seen within the town limits. Imagine this collection of sheep-pens inhabited by a race of people whose poverty of purse is equaled only by their poverty of mind; the men grouped on street corners staring vacantly at you; the women, except the very lowest class, muffled to the eyes with *manielelas*, hastening across fields and away with a speed to which fear has lent wings, and you have some idea of a Mexican town as it appeared to us. The inhabitants seem as fearful as harmless, and are full of smiles and hospitality—the legacy of the old Spanish Hidalgo, whose blood it is difficult to believe even stagnates in these degenerate veins.

On the inside the houses are neat and cosy; the walls nicely whitewashed; the fire-places small and handy, shaped like the half of an old fashioned bee-hive, with a small flue leading out for chimney. Their [illegible] of [illegible] are doubled up during the day and form a [illegible] ranging round the sides of the apartment. A table, two or three [illegible] stools or chairs, [illegible] and frying pan complete the *furniture*, while the ornaments [illegible] consist chiefly of ordinary prints of sacred subjects, [illegible] in tin frames, and [illegible] roughly carved in wood. Their ovens are of adobe, shaped like a bee-hive, and always built outside. One oven serves several families. They make excellent bread. They seemed generally averse to our company, but when it was forced upon them they would gabble Spanish at us, stumbling over an English word occasionally, as if sincerely desirous of entertaining their visitors though their powers of so doing are in truth extremely limited. At a rough guess I should say the town contained two thousand people. There are a few whites, mostly Jews, residing here.

The command camped in a large corral immediately in town, and were soon scattered over it in search of eatables or plunder. Both were distressingly scarce, however, judging from the boys' appearance as they were compelled to turn in by the guard. As to the women, the sight of them was more sedative than stimulating. If there chanced to be one that by any possible stretch of courtesy could be termed decent, there were enough around her to eat her and charge off with empty stomachs. I had no taste for their society, and having forced myself into several houses and slightly sated my curiosity, besides learning that the small-pox was raging in town, I went home, my first impressions of Mexican character fully confirmed by this first day's experience among them.

[illegible]

Soon after leaving town our road entered the hills and wound around, between and over them. Blocks of mountains lie scattered about, of every conceivable shape and running in all directions. Some are bare and rocky—others covered with white cedar and small pinon pines; the openings also have some scattered timber, though no underbrush of any size. The ground is smooth, and covered with the usual close-cropped turf; the road rough and stony. About noon we came to a small town called Tecolote, on another muddy branch of the Pecos. We continued on to the Ojo de Bernal, or Vernal Spring. The command, excepting our company, camps here to-night. We proceeded eight miles further, to San José, on the main Pecos, where we overtook three companies of regular cavalry, numbering 250, Capt. G. W. Howland in command.

He had left our goods, blankets, and [illegible] by order, and they [illegible] We [illegible] all the [illegible]

Had orders to cook two days' rations, take it in [illegible] and be ready to march at [illegible] evening. Our wagons came in during the day, and about an hour by sun we started, in company with the [illegible] which we had overtaken at this place; 180 men, detachments in equal numbers from companies A, D and E, [illegible] from the command [illegible] and proceeded with [illegible] think [illegible] the intention to make a sudden dash on Santa Fe with this force, and, if possible, take it by surprise. We halted about 10 o'clock, P. M., having made [illegible] Ranche, near the old Pecos Church, twenty miles from San Jose, advanced pickets and rested till morning. We had information of the advance of 600 Texans from Santa Fe, and of their being in the vicinity.

Lieut. Nelson, with twenty men, was sent out to capture one of their pickets, supposed to be at Pigeon's Ranche, five miles in advance. He went there, but they were gone to another house. By a circuitous route, he contrived to get between them and their force, and about daylight surprised and made prisoners of them. There were four, well mounted and armed. They undoubtedly mistook Nelson's party, which was returning to camp, for Texans, and rode into their midst before discovering their mistake. They were sent back to the Rear under guard. One of them, McIntire, who rode the celebrated high bred Crittenden horse, and who was on Canby's staff at the battle of Val Verde, but has since turned traitor, will probably expiate his treason on the scaffold. Another, named Hall, was well known in Denver. He had attained the rank of Captain in the Confederate service. Being a Northern man, I can conceive no excuse for his conduct. He [illegible] should be allowed to taint the [illegible] he has disgraced by his vile and despicable treachery.

[illegible] three companies of regular cav[illegible] glistening [illegible] bright and lively, [illegible]

[illegible] from the [illegible] the ruins of a large church, marking the site of a decayed town the debris of which still [illegible] the ground. It is built like the present Mexican churches in the form of a cross, proving it to be of Catholic origin, and [illegible] three hundred years. It is 150 feet long, 60 feet wide, and 40 feet high. Great timbers, roughly carved and [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible] in all the remains of the roof. The walls, [illegible] feet thick, [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] are but slightly affected by the [illegible] of time. The [illegible] the [illegible] rugged, and its [illegible] [illegible] interesting [illegible] the [illegible] of the people in material prosperity as well as in moral and intellectual capacity, it recalls the palmy days of [illegible] in Spanish America, when [illegible] enlightened devotion of Catholicism [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] wilds of the Continent to extend the influence of their faith. [illegible] Even then, [illegible] left behind by the [illegible] which [illegible]

CHAPTER X.

Battle of Apache Cañon, March 26, 1862. Battle of Pigeon's Ranch, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Killed and Wounded.

We left camp about 8 o'clock, the infantry detachment immediately in advance. The cavalry numbered 210, and marched in the order of their rank, our company being second in the column. Our whole force numbered nearly 400, commanded by Major Chivington. As we advanced [illegible] literally [illegible] [illegible] We thought likely we would meet [illegible] the day, but it [illegible] [illegible] we would [illegible] took at some of [illegible] night, whose [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in the [illegible] [illegible]

We passed Pigeon's Ranche, gained the summit of the divide, and were proceeding down the road, when our picket came charging back with the Lieutenant in command of their artillery a prisoner, saying: "We have got them corraled this time. Give them h—l, boys. Hurrah for the Pike's Peakers." Instantly the column closed up, the cavalry took open order by fours, and we rushed forward on the double-quick. Knapsacks, canteens, overcoats and clothing of all kinds were flung along the road as the boys stripped for the encounter. How our hearts thrilled! That tremendous event, the burden of history and song, a battle, burst on our hitherto peaceful lives like an avalanche on a [illegible] village. When we [illegible] the [illegible] A few minutes would tell. On turning a short bend we encountered the enemy proper and came full on two howitzers, less than two hundred yards off. These were attended by a company of mounted men displaying a large red flag emblazoned with the emblem of which Texas has small reason to be proud. San Jacinto represents all the glory of that arrogant, impotent State, while language is inadequate to describe the narrowness and insolence of her public policy or the moral and intellectual degradation of her outcast society. On seeing these "lions in the path," the infantry divided, a wing flew into either hill, and the fight commenced. Capt. Howland's company parted either way and filed to the rear in confusion, leaving us in front. A couple of shells whizzed over our heads and we instinctively sheered to the left to get out of range. All was confusion. The regular officers in command of the cavalry plunged wildly here and there, and seemed to have no control of themselves or of their men. Every one was talking—no one talking to any purpose. Major Chivington was placing the infantry in position and Cook's cavalry awaited orders, while the shells went tearing and screaming over them. The Texans soon found their position in the road untenable and retired rapidly with their [illegible] about a mile and [illegible] the canon, where their infantry was [illegible] in the [illegible] on either side and posted their howitzers to command the road. We followed cautiously until within [illegible] mile of the battery, which seemed, though bent, to be more occupied in keeping out of our way than in trying to do us injury. Here we halted behind a projecting point while the infantry were collected from the hills and, together with the dismounted men in Capt. Cook's company, deployed right and left to outflank the enemy's new position. Major Chivington, with a pistol in each hand and one or two under his arms, chawed his lips, with only less energy than he gave his orders. He seemed burdened with a giant responsibility, the extent of which he had never before realized, and to have no thought of danger. Of commanding presence, dressed in full regimentals, he was a conspicuous mark for the Texian sharp shooters. One of their officers taken prisoner averred that he emptied his revolvers three times at the Major and then made his company fire a volley at him. As if possessed of a charmed life, he galloped unhurt through the storm of bullets, and the Texians, discouraged, turned their attention to something else.

At this time, so far as I could judge, the battle was progressing finely. Our flankers were rapidly approaching them, and it was arranged that simultaneously with their attack on the wings, we should charge the center. Their battery commanded the road; but we had seen them move before with more celerity than grace, and as the event proved, we had only to go down after it to drive it from the field. The ground was unfavorable for the action of cavalry; the road was rough, narrow and crooked; a deep trench, worn by the water and which the road crossed frequently, running alongside, rendered it impossible to approach a battery but by column in the fair face of it. Our horses were weak and thin; and there was every chance to conceal a heavy support. But obstacles only stimulate the daring and determined. The enemy had a strong natural position, and to dislodge them it was necessary to walk into their affections without ceremony. About four hundred yards below, the cañon bent abruptly to the left, then directly resumed its old course, leaving a high, steep rocky bluff like the bastion of a fort square in our front. On this point the enemy had posted a full company, and into its base, on a smaller mound, their battery was stationed and had been watched diligently for an hour. Below this we could not [illegible] till the [illegible] [illegible] convinced [illegible] that the [illegible] was alive with [illegible]. About [illegible] order [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] that [illegible] approached the [illegible] [illegible] the old United States musket cartridges, containing one ounce ball and three buckshot, began to ply [illegible] sharply that many [illegible] kindled [illegible] to [illegible] eyes to [illegible] the spiteful bulldogs were. [illegible] were [illegible]. Divining our intentions, they [illegible] again and [illegible]. Instead, however, we [illegible] shower of [illegible] from the [illegible] about [illegible] Capt. Cook [illegible] the first [illegible]. An ounce ball and three buckshot struck him in the thigh, but did not [illegible] him. [illegible] further down his horse stumbled and fell on him, badly spraining his ankle, and he got another shot in the foot. [illegible] swept down the [illegible] like a hurricane, he [illegible] one side and escaped further injury. We still [illegible] and [illegible] Cook [illegible] Slightly [illegible] at the bend in the road, where the fire from small arms was indeed terrific, and discharging a few shots from our revolvers at the rocks above, we dashed around the point, broke through their centre, trampled down their [illegible], and [illegible] away beyond the [illegible] in pursuit of the [illegible] artillery. But it was too [illegible] for us, and we returned in time to help [illegible] with the two [illegible] [illegible] out the [illegible]. They had been [illegible] in the [illegible] and though somewhat confused and scattered by our sudden advent among them, made for cover and stood like a tiger at bay. By this time the infantry, under Capts. Downing, Wynkoop and Anthony, came down on them like a [illegible] of wild Indians, cheering at the top of their lungs, regardless of the shower of bullets raining among them. It was a fine evening, and the loyalists [illegible] [illegible] they were [illegible] as they could [illegible]. The Texans, [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible], broke and fled in every direction.

Personal incidents [illegible] in this [illegible] [illegible] Bennett and Dillon [illegible] fifteen fellows from a house which they could have held against fifty. As they were being disarmed, somebody cried out "Shoot the [illegible] b—s." "No, I'll be d—d if you do. I'm [illegible] if you do! You didn't take 'em. I took these prisoners myself; prisoners of war. Fall in, the prisoners. Forward, double quick," and away went [illegible] to the rear with them.

Lowe's horse fell with and partly on him, badly wrenching his knee, in the ditch just around the corner where the fire was hottest. Hastily disengaging himself from his horse, he jumped over a bank to gain some shelter. He was confronted by a stalwart Texan captain, who with a cocked pistol bearing on him, "guessed Lowe was his prisoner." Lowe sprang on him like a cat, and after a violent struggle disarmed and marched him to the rear.

Logan, already wounded in the face, observing a fellow behind a rock leveled on him, when he called out that he was wounded and wished to surrender. Logan dropped his aim and advanced to disarm him, when he coolly drew up his pistol and fired. The ball, which was meant for a centre shot passed through Logan's arm. "O, you son of a b—h," exclaimed Logan, "I'll kill you now, G—d d—n you!" And suiting the action to the word, put a bullet through his head. He lived long enough to tell his brother that his death-shot had been given after he was wounded and a prisoner. Logan being in the hospital at Pigeon's, which the Texans occupied after the second fight, heard them talking about it, swearing they would hang the perpetrator of the atrocity if they could lay hands on him. Whereupon he informed them he was the man that did it, and gave his reasons. His story, backed by his wounds, proved entirely satisfactory, and he and the Texans were on the best of terms until they were separated.

Dan Rice, who claims no kin to the great showman, opened a show of his own on the occasion of a certain [illegible] yclept "Rice's Battery," depositing him on the road where the leaden hail fell thickest and there leaving him to his fate. What he did, or rather did not, I cannot tell, but those who saw it say there was humor in it of the broadest kind.

Many of the boys were unhorsed in the charge, and some of the horses escaped entirely, which should be credited to our [illegible] profit.

We were obliged to make prisoners of some forty or fifty—all there were in the road; for when they found us in their midst, as if descended from the clouds, they forgot that one of them was equal to five of us, and insisted on surrendering.

In half an hour after this charge the enemy had disappeared and the firing ceased. It was too dark to follow them.

Slowly and sadly we gathered our dead and wounded and returned to Pigeon's Ranch, as there was no water in the canon where we were.

A reinforcement of five hundred men, with the howitzer battery, Capt. Claflin, arrived just as we did, and the regulars rang for half an hour with their cheering.

No cheers came from me. I was sick at the wounds of Dutro, and spent the night watching his life ebb away.

Thus ended our first battle. We had driven them from their position under every disadvantage; killed and disabled fifty at least, and captured one-fourth of their entire number. If we had had two hours more daylight our victory would have been still more decisive. Darkness favored their escape.

The action, though small, was conducted with great spirit and judgment. Officers and men came to the scratch with enthusiasm. The impression made on the enemy paved the way for success in subsequent encounters. They cared little for death—we cared less. By their own admission they never expected to whip us till the last man had bit the dust.

The feelings of men in battle is a subject of interest to people generally. I am persuaded there are but few brave men by nature. Battle brings all speculation to a point. Life and death stare each other in the face. Life, however miserable, against death that ends all. Until actually engaged, the most of men suffer excessively from suspense. In the midst of a fight they partake more or less of the demoniac spirit surrounding them. The "thunder of the captains and the shouting" has an awful inspiration of its own. Man glories in his mad power and fear is forgotten.

But the men who go into battle with pleasure, depend upon it, are mighty scattering. Many, whose patriotism is unaffected and pure, would flinch at the last moment but for self-respect. That I believe is the only boon more precious than life.

Our loss was 5 killed, 13 wounded and 3 missing. How we escaped so cheaply God only knows, for we rode five hundred yards through a perfect hailstorm of bullets. Many were the men lying behind rocks, almost near enough to knock us off our horses, taking dead rests and firing as we passed. Among the conflicting emotions of that evening, not the weakest was one of disappointment in the character of the foe we had met. "Why, they ought to have killed the last one of us," was in the mouth of every one, as often as they thought of it. Our Second Lieut. Marshall, in breaking a prisoner's gun, shot himself so badly that he died in a few hours. "This was the most unkindest cut of all." True bravery, which not only deserves but compels respect, had elevated him in the estimation of the company and the regiment, and his cruel, unfortunate death cast a shadow athwart the glories of the day.

Capt. Cook, than whom none truer can be found, was all shot to pieces, but his usual fortitude remained with him. The ghastly smile with which he endeavored to make light of his wounds, to cheer his boys, betrayed his agony.

We lost three men—Martin Dutro, Jude W. Johnson and George Thompson. Mart was shot down obliquely through the head, and again through the chest, and lived till near morning. He was a noble hearted, generous fellow, and the boys loved him. As we lowered his remains to their last resting place, all the stoicism I could muster was unsufficient to suppress some bitter tears at his early and cruel death. The other boys died instantly, one shot through the head, the other through the heart. They were among our very best men. Bristol, Pratt, Keel, Hall, Logan and Patterson were wounded, and left in the hospital at Pigeon's Rancho.

After burying our dead, some teams went out and brought in a lot of Texan flour and corn, stored at a short distance. As there was only a well at Pigeon's from which to water our stock; we fell back to our camp at Kozlowsky's. The prisoners were sent to Union under guard of Lord's company of dragoons.

As near as we could learn, the Texans lost yesterday 16 killed, 30 to 40 wounded, and 75 prisoners, including [illegible] commissioned officers.

BATTLE OF PIGEON'S RANCHE.

MARCH TWENTY-EIGHTH.

Late last evening Col. Slough arrived with the regiment from Bernal Springs. They had heard of the engagement yesterday, and could not be restrained. Companies A, B, H, and I, of the First, Jim Ford's of the Second, and A and G of the Fifth Infantry, were detached from the command and sent across the mountains, under Major Chivington, to harass the enemies' rear. Lieut. Falvey, of the dragoons, with forty mounted men, went on a scout towards Galisteo. The balance of the regiment, with two batteries and two small companies of regular cavalry, numbering about six hundred, moved forward again towards Santa Fe, not doubting but that every inch of ground would be stubbornly contested by the Rangers. We knew nothing certainly of their force, either as to strength, disposition or intentions, and consequently were slightly surprised when at Pigeon's our pickets came in somewhat hurriedly and reported the Texans advancing in force, and less than half a mile distant. The men were resting—some visiting the wounded in the hospital, others filling their water canteens. Suddenly the bugles sounded assembly; we seized our arms, fell in and hastened forward perhaps two hundred yards, when their artillery commenced cutting the tree tops over our heads.

The cavalry halted, dismounted and formed to the front under shelter of a small hill. Both batteries, the large one consisting of two twelve-pound howitzers and two six-pound shot guns, Capt. Ritter, the small one of four twelve-pound mountain howitzers, Capt. Claflin, were run forward and opened with great spirit. Col. Slough came up, and in a hoarse voice gave his orders. Companies K and C were stationed in the road, sheltered by the brow of the hill, to a support to the batteries; D and I were advanced on either hand as skirmishers; G was on guard perhaps a mile in the rear.

The battle was opened and seemed going well enough, judging from the deafening roar of artillery, the unceasing rattle of small arms, accompanied by all kinds of cheering and yelling from the men, when the Colonel, to draw them out, ordered the cavalry to fall back on Pigeon's. The artillery followed; Claflin's battery took position on a hill on the left, while Ritter's remained in the road near the house. The Texan battery soon slackened its fire till it almost ceased. Companies D and I had picked off all the gunners and one piece was dismounted by our guns. If there had been anybody to support Capt. Downing they never would have taken their artillery from the field.

But these brave boys paid dearly for their temerity. Advancing without support they combated the whole Texan force alone for a few minutes. Having lost one half their men and seen Lieut. Baker fall, severely wounded, they reluctantly gave ground.

Our company was posted on a rocky point opposite Claflin's battery and near the ranche, behind which our horses were sheltered.

Owing to the nature of the ground, rough, hilly, rocky and timbered, cavalry and artillery were almost useless, and it became evident that rifles must decide the contest. We were obliged to remain near our horses, yet many of the boys thought our Sharpe's inspired more terror, even at five hundred yards distance, than the battery opposite.

The regular cavalry was of no account at all, for whenever the Texans came in sight they would mount and fall back out of range. Walker's company never discharged a single rifle during the day.

Company G, hearing the rumpus, came up on double-quick. The first platoon, Capt. Wilder, hurried to the support of Downing; the second, Lieut. Hardin, was assigned to Ritter's battery, which had retired three or four hundred yards.

The Texan artillery was again playing a lively tune, and as the thunder reverberated from mountain to mountain we could scarcely tell our guns from theirs—both about equidistant.

The hard breast to breast fighting was mostly confined to the flanks. Outnumbering us three to one they made the preponderance still greater by flocking thither to avoid our artillery, which was well served throughout the day. In this unequal struggle Lieut. Chambers, of C, a brave soldier and a gentleman, was severely wounded in the shoulder and thigh, while electrifying his men by his voice and example.

Downing, Wilder, Baker, Davidson, Kerber and others stubbornly held their ground, only yielding, inch by inch, to an overwhelmingly superior fire. When they were outflanked and nearly surrounded they would deliver a stunning volley and fall back a piece. Thus they were nearly always covered, an advantage which their sparse numbers rendered inestimable.

If the Texans had known how weak we were doubtless they would have ruined us, but the lesson of the day before made them cautious. They would creep along up from tree to tree, and from rock to rock, but as sure as one rose in fair view a dozen balls gave his soul choice in the way of departure.

Doubtless other officers performed their duty gallantly—but not coming under my immediate observation it is not so particularly noticed. Report says, however, that Lieuts. Cobb and Anderson, on the Colonel's staff, were fearless and prompt in the discharge of their arduous duties.

About noon we were forced to retire our whole line half a mile, as they had discovered our weakness and were endeavoring to surround us. At this juncture about three hundred fresh troops came to their assistance, and with this for a charging column they designed to corral our whole command.

Claflin's battery was posted in the road, some portions of the wings called to its support, the cavalry formed on the left in line of battle, and we were ready for them. Col. Slough came to the front and assisted in the disposition of our handful of men. Robbins, Soule and Hardin were there, every one of them as cool and collected as if on parade. Lieut. Col. Tappan sat on his horse during the charge, leisurely loading and firing his pistols as if rabbit hunting.

The bullets came from every point but the rear, showing that this was an effort to close in and capture us. It was right, of course, if they had the "sand" to do it.

Soon they appeared in front, encouraged and shouted on by as brave officers as live; some in squads, others singly, taking advantage of the timber as much as possible in their approach. Waiting till they came within fifty yards, Claflin's battery opened on them like a regiment of Mexican dogs roused by the stranger at midnight. One man shoved in a charge with his arm, another fired her off, and the four pieces played the liveliest Yankee doodle ever heard—and all the time thud, thud, thud, the bullets coming down off the mountains on each side into the ground.

Claflin's salute appeared to astonish them, but when that ceased and the support fired volley after volley into their faces they concluded they were going the wrong way and turned back. We followed them a ways to see how well they could run.

The time gained by this repulse enabled us to extricate ourselves from our perilous position, move back, and take a new stand. This was immediately done. They closed in, and where they expected to wipe us out they found a few dead and wounded.

We took a new position beyond a large open space; our guns thundered as defiantly as ever, but their firing soon ceased. They had no inclination to come out of the woods and fight on open ground, and we slowly retired to camp.

Though we were obliged to give ground from the commencement yet considering the disparity of our forces (by their own admission they had 1800) we were well satisfied. The Colorados are willing to fight them, man for man, every day in the year.

A flag of truce, which seems to be their best hold, arrived in camp as soon as we did, requesting an armistice of eighteen hours duration, ostensibly to bury their dead and take care of their wounded; really to gain time to return to Santa Fe, which they immediately commenced doing in the greatest confusion.

The cause of this remains to be noticed. Though we had crippled them severely, yet they would undoubtedly have tried us on again whenever we were so disposed had not the Major succeeded in striking a blow which pierced to their vitals and drew from thence the life blood. He left camp in the morning with a force of 450 men, crossed the mountains with no regard to obstacles, routes, or ought else save direction and gained their rear. Scattering their rear-guard to the winds, he blew up and destroyed their supply train of seventy wagons, containing all the ammunition, provisions, clothing and other war supplies they had in the Territory; spiked one six-pounder with a ram-rod and tumbled it down the mountain, and then, every man taking his own course, regained our camp soon after dark without any loss whatever.

On arriving in sight of our camp-fires, the Major, ignorant of the events of the day, characteristically called a halt, and as he gave the command, "Fall in, every man in his place," "Fix bayonets," only replied to the murmur of inquiry as to whose camp it was, "I don't know whose it is, but if it a'nt ours we'll soon make it so." "Forward," "Keep close," and they started for the camp. On coming within hailing distance of the guard they found it was the Colorados, and reserved their hostility for other occasions.

This was the irreparable blow that compelled the Texans to evacuate the Territory. Its audacity was the principal cause of its success.

Had we known the extent of the injury inflicted, we might have advanced to Santa Fe without firing a gun. Caution, however, seemed to be in the ascendant, and perhaps it will win oftener than it will loose.

Our loss had been severe in proportion to the number engaged, amounting in killed, wounded and missing to 184—nearly one fourth of our entire force.

All regretted the severe injuries of Lieut. Chambers, which for a long time endangered his life. Amputation was thought necessary, but he declined being buried in pieces. At the first opportunity he was promoted to the captaincy of his company, a distinction justly earned by his bravery and suffering. Ten months of assiduous attention failed to restore him to health, and he was obliged to take leave of the company that idolized him, and retire from the service to which he did so much credit.

Another accomplished young officer, Lieut. Baker, of I, was severely wounded in the side. He had dragged himself to a small hollow and built a fire to soften the chilly atmosphere. In the morning he was dead and stripped. A bullet-hole through his head told his sad story—murdered and robbed. It was laid to the miserable Greasers who followed the Texans.

H. L. Rockwell was this morning appointed Second Lieutenant by Col. Slough, vice Marshall, deceased.

MARCH TWENTY-NINTH.

About 8 o'clock an order came from the Colonel to send our horses back to Union with a small guard, they being considered rather an impediment than otherwise in this section of the country. It was somewhat amusing to see the various aches ills, etc., with which some of the boys, who, though well known, shall be nameless here, were instantly attacked. Santa Fe had lost its charms, and any sacrifice of manhood was preferable to the chances of another battle. Before they were ready to start, however, the order was countermanded.

Our teams were busy until noon, bringing in the wounded. Thirty-five dead were buried on the field.

During the day another flag of truce came in from the Texans, asking a continuation of the armistice until 8 o'clock to-morrow, as they pretended it would consume that period of time to provide for their wounded.

After granting the first truce it made but little difference how many more were consented to, especially as our command was about to start on its backward movement to Union.

About 2 o'clock P. M., our wounded having all been brought in and the dead interred, our company, which was the rear-guard, left Coslosky's, now a crowded hospital, for San Jose.

This portion of the road is delightful. It runs nearly east and west, between the base of a mountain and the Rio Pecos. The ground is smoothly outlined, bearing a handsome pine forest interspersed with beautiful openings.

Sadly we wended along, half glad to escape the renewal of yesterday, yet revolting at the idea of backing out before we were well whipped. But there was no help for it. Canby, for some inexplicable reason, was determined on no more fighting then—and Canby was the commanding officer.

Flushed with an honorable and complete victory, his brave troops eager to complete the destruction of the enemy, Col. Slough read the despatch brought by Capt. Nicodemus, in dismay. He could not destroy the order; it had been too openly delivered to leave any room for evasion. To obey it was to let the enemy, broken and disheartened, escape; to refuse was to subject himself to court-martial and disgrace.

He issued the order for the backward movement, but resigned his commission. The fact that the President at once nominated him for Brigadier General proves that the act and the services of his regiment were appreciated at headquarters.

The following list shows the extent of our loss two weeks subsequently:—

COMPANY C.

KILLED.

Frank Billard,
C. R. Peters,
Andrew Points,
*M. C. Wilson,
Jacob Smith,
*Joseph Long,
H. H. Boone.

WOUNDED.

Lieut. Clark Chambers,
Philip Rail,
Jno. C. Fhelhauser,
Joseph. V. Tosh,
Willis Wilcox,
William Baldwin,
Richard Yates,
Isaac N. Pierce,
J. T. Shneider,

COMPANY D.

KILLED.

W. G. Edwards,
Alfred Davis,
M. E. Boyle,

WOUNDED.

Benjamin Baker,
Patrick Keegan,
John Choler,

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*Killed at Peralta.

COMPANY D—CONTINUED.

KILLED.

Charles Finner,
Charles Barton,
A. J. Denny,
J. G. Seeley,
Izatus Slawson,
John B. Elliott,
Christopher Anderson,
J. E. Shepherd,
Matthew Stone,
C. F. Creitz,
J. J. McMillan,
William James,
Adam Shuler,

WOUNDED.

George Wons,
John F. Fleming,
C. E. Wilbur,
George W. Fall,
William Elliott,
Joseph Flynn,
William Iler,
G. B. Griffin,
T. O. Foote,
John Laughlin,
J. D. Downing,
Peter Johnson,
Thomas Hawes,
C. D. Hicks,
John Davis,
John Newcomer.

COMPANY F.

KILLED.

Lieut. Wm. F. Marshall,
Jude W. Johnson,
Martin Dutro,
*J. H. Hawley,
George Thompson,

WOUNDED.

Capt. Samuel H. Cook,
Jesse F. Keel,
William F. Hall,
M. A. Patterson,
Charles H. Bristol,
Benjamin F. Ferris,
Ed. C. Gould,
C. W. Logan,
O. I. Freeman,
A. B. Pratt.

COMPANY G.

KILLED.

Christopher Butler,
O. C. Seymour,
Jarrett Hutson,
Harmon Lovelace.

WOUNDED.

William Muxlow,
W. S. Clisbee,
William Ford,
D. J. Osborne,
E. E. Johnson.

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*Killed at Peralta.

COMPANY I.

KILLED.

Lieut. John Baker,
John Garnish,
William Hurst,
Jasper Hotchkiss,
Samuel Bird,
John Frees,
Henry Hinshausen,
Gotleib Hittig,
Lyman Honywell,
Armand Johnson,
John Kreider,
Ignatz Mattaush,
John Renderly,
Frederick Rufer,
John H. Stewart.

WOUNDED.

George Neidhardt,
John Smith,
James Doyle,
Peter Ward,
Frederick Meggers,
William Cudmore,
Henry Kappel,
Ola Olsen,
John Henry,
William Rowland,
August Bartlett,
Austin Gerard,
Henry Johnson.
Frank Brass,
Henry Backus.

COMPANY K.

KILLED.

H. C. Hawley,
Moses Jouel.

WOUNDED.

James Donelson,
H. H. Owen,
T. H. Walet,
Aug. McDonald,
W. F. Eichbaum,
James Grealish.

Killed, 49; wounded, 64; prisoners in the hands of the Texans, 21. A total loss of 134 against a loss on their part, up to the close of the day succeeding the engagement, as taken afterwards from their own surgeon's books, at Albuquerque, of 281 killed, 200 wounded and 100 prisoners; a total of 581, with their supply train blown up and destroyed.

Camped at San Jose.

CHAPTER X.

Night Scouting—Arrival at Union—Departure for Santa Fe again—Desertion—San Miguel—Return of Prisoners—Conversation—March to Galisteo—To Pino's and back—Resignation of Col. Slough.

MARCH THIRTEENTH.

It appears that our Acting 2d Lieutenant Rockwell becoming aware that the company was dissatisfied at his appointment, with a disinterestedness as noble, as uncommon signified to Lieut. Nelson his intention of declining to accept it. His feelings in regard to the matter were respected, and the Colonel left it to Nelson who in turn, left it to the company. They immediately elected Sergeant Wilson to the place by acclamation. He had resigned it to Marshall when the company was organized, had deserved it by hard work, and was perhaps as well qualified to fill it with credit as any one in the company.

Some Mexicans from upper Tecolote across the mountains to the northwest came in to-day, and reported danger from Texan foragers. In consequence a detail of eighty men from the different mounted companies under conduct of Capt. Walker 2d Cavalry was ordered to proceed to that place, and act as circumstances should dictate. We took a trail across the mountain to avoid spies and save travel.—We arrived on the top of the range about dark, and it being cloudy it soon became dark—dark as a pile of black cats in the inkiest midnight. The descent was so rough and rocky that nothing but a Peruvian *burro* could by any possibility keep its feet, and to add to the perplexities of this night's pursuit of Texans under difficulties it soon commenced raining and drizzled steadily till morning. We slipped, stumbled, pitched, rolled, fell or in some other way contrived to find the bottom of the mountain though it was about three miles down, when the darkness became so palpable, and we so widely scattered that it was impossible to proceed farther. "Hold on in front." "Are they all up in the rear," hail passed and repassed till they failed to elicit attention, and all became aware about the same time that we must spend the night here. How others lived through it, I cannot tell. I spread my saddle blanket on the ground lay down and drew my great coat over me. It was so very dark I could not see to keep awake long. Thoughts of other lands and pleasanter scenes would fain intrude, but they were sternly denied admittance. It was of no use grumbling at this stage of the game, and summoning patience from necessity I made the best of it till morning. Upon its first appearance, we hastily arose from our mortar beds and building some small fires endeavored to impart some warmth to our chilled limbs—Texans had no terrors for us that morning, and a fracas with one or ten hundred of them would have been equally welcome. Anything, even death seemed preferable to this worse than dog's life.

MARCH THIRTY-FIRST.

As soon as it became fairly light, we proceeded some three miles to town and learned the truth of our anticipations, that we had been put to all this trouble for nothing. After breakfast which we were obliged to steal, we went down to Teculote and camped.

The command moved from San Jose to Vernal Spring. It was rumored that Colonel Slough had resigned his commission.

APRIL SECOND, 1862.

Command arrived at Union about sundown. We were quartered in a log house below the fortification. The infantry occupied its old camp-site. We had been gone eleven days—traveled 75 miles, fought two battles the results of which have been before stated and come back and were glad of a chance to rest.

APRIL FIFTH.

This morning just as the camp began to settle, and Richard became himself again, we received orders to pack up, and be ready to start in an hour. The boys were busy writing home, reading, playing poker etc., and the order came like a dash of cold water over them. Letters were cut short in haste, poker took wings and vanished, blankets and effects were bundled, the herd brought in, adieux said, and then we were told we would not start till next morning.

Preparation ceased not in the infantry camp, and about dark they started out. Major Chivington briefly addressed them stating that Gen. Canby had left Fort Craig on the 1st. inst. and we were ordered south to divert the enemy's attention, or assist in driving him out of the country. The men responded with alacrity, and though weary and sore, were anxious to finish the task, so gloriously commenced before, and which would have been done then had they been consulted. They marched to the Loma and camped.

APRIL SIXTH.

Our company, numbering 67, all mounted, started this morning and overtook the command accompanied by Claflin's battery as they entered Vegas. Weather windy and disagreeable. In the evening we learned that five of our boys Penn, Dixon, Shay, Walling and Wells had dropped behind in such a way as left no doubt of their desertion.—That five men could be found in the company who would thus disgrace their birth and belie their blood was discouraging. *Cowardice* is their only ground. They ought never to call themselves men again. After proving insensible to all the dictates of pride, honor or interest that usually influence men, they should sneak off to some region where manhood forms no necessary ingredient of character and forget the proud race from whence they sprung, but with which they have nothing in common but the form. But No! They cannot be descended from the men of 76. Other than American blood must stagnate in their degenerate veins, or they would call on the mountains to fall and cover them from the gaze of their fellows. All that men prize or hold sacred, cries out against them. Surely they could not have realized the step, or they never would have taken it. Wells especially, I would like to think better of. He was young (19), and much under the influence of Penn, with whom he enlisted. He was a fine fellow, well thought of by all, and his fall occasions much regret. But his case is that of Tray in the fable. Found in bad company he must take his share of the beating. The others were what are emphatically termed *guts* and no one is sorry they are gone, but as the manner of their going disgraces us all.

Last evening, Col. Paul of the Fourth N. M. Vol. commanding the expedition, came in escorted by Capt. Lord's company 1st Cavalry.

MARCH SEVENTH.

Sent Corporal Sampson with a squad back to the Lome to see if our supposed deserters might not possibly be there on a spree. The command moved out and camped at Vernal Spring about three o'clock P. M.

After dinner four men were sent to San Miguel to get some horses lost by us as we passed up, now in the possession of the Alcalde. The business was soon finished, and then nothing would answer but we must pass the night with them. Supper consisted of bread, boiled eggs and salt, coffee and sugar; plates, bowls and pewter spoons, worn up to the handle, were the only articles on the table. Our horses were well fed and when it became late, they took from the sides of the apartment where they lie doubled up during the day, a wool mattress and pillow apiece, spread them on the floor, said *buenos noches* and left us to ourselves. They were anxious to please and we took the will for the deed and were pleased.

San Miguel is three miles below San Jose, on the same stream and a much finer place.

The Church is higher, larger and better built than common, and has the pretension to support two steeples. They are something like Hottentot's huts in size and shape, with a very ragged appearance caused by the sides being mostly cut away for window holes. In front there is a pretty court, five or six rods square surrounded by a high adobe wall, on top of which sets a neat little painted picket fence. A medium sized good-sounding bell hung in a frame placed upon an altar in the court, was tolled fifteen times as the sun set, in token it is said of the number of times Jesus fell from the cross when crucified.

There is a Store in town where whisky can be procured at six bits per gallon, eggs at four bits per dozen. Tobacco and slips of husks with which to make *cigarros*, piles of *manteletes* and two or three *sombreros* complete the stock in trade, or at least in sight. The houses are larger and better built, the streets straighter, wider and cleaner than in San Jose, to which town we proceeded with the recovered horses

APRIL NINTH.

Company marched to Coslosky's and camped on our old stamping ground. We were attended by about 100 prisoners released from Union on parole, returning to their own party. Conversation was natural of course. Many admitted that they had espoused the cause of southern independence under misapprehension, and though the North had in right of superior strength in the government presumed to tamper with the Constitution and infringe upon their rights, yet the case in no means demanded the desperate remedy resorted to by the South. We could not admit the truth of any such allegation, but the idea has been so thoroughly beaten into them that nothing can convince them of its falsity. As one said to me, "You have the argument, but by G–d I know I am right," an expression that exactly illustrates the spirit of the rebellion. Pride of will is substituted for reason, and the chivalric courage, which no one denies them, is desperately expended to make a bad matter worse. Now the Rubicon was passed they "allowed" the South would fight as long as two could get together; some from a misguided patriotism, others because they delight in anarchy and the exercise of the malevolent passions.

I think that a war of extermination is all that will ever restore American unity. They hate us intensely. Kindness is accepted only as their due, and as food for their haughtiness. Nothing can cure their insane prejudice against northern men, whom they habitually stigmatize with every base epithet known to the vocabulary of abuse. All they want is the *power* to inflict a worse servitude on us than that which the unfortunate negro suffers.

It is cause of gratitude to the Ruler of all that in the attempt we have the strength and inclination to drive them to the wall. If they have ten millions of human lives to sacrifice to their pride and ambition, we have an equal number, and the eight millions left can then hold up their heads in a *free* country; neither insulted by the brutal haughtiness of the one race nor scandalized by the degradation and woes of the other, which together form the "style of civilization" upon which the new nation founds its civil polity. Perhaps this would be a fitting finale to the crime perpetrated by our race against the negro; and though of awful magnitude, is but a speck compared to the wrong done him. It involves an immense amount of suffering in the aggregate, but as an individual concern what is it but our legitimate inheritance. Death must come to *all* once. A nobler cause in which to meet it can *never* come. What signifies whether it comes a few days sooner or later? Then let them hate and scorn us. We will teach them reason by killing them off as fast as possible. They have left us no alternative. We may as well submit to it gracefully. It is a sure cure. The patient is never taken with a relapse. Dead men never put on the airs of the "hereditary lords of the manor," nor seek paltry excuses for "venting the venom of their spleen" on their brethren. The history of Joseph and his brothers might teach them a useful lesson—or, might have taught. It is now too late—there is nothing left them but death or submission.

April Tenth.

This morning we moved up on the hill to our old campsite. The ranche is still used as a hospital, and we do not wish to be under its flag if the enemy is lurking near.

There is a carriage here bearing a white rag, the conveyance of Cols. Green and McNeil, who passed up to the command from Santa Fe yesterday, to effect an exchange of prisoners. As they would consent to nothing but an even exchange between Mexicans and Whites no arrangement was concluded. They were under the influence of liquor, and behaved with so little regard to their characters as gentlemen, being insolent and threatening, and determined to penetrate the whole command, with what object will at once be patent to every one, that Col. Paul was obliged to be somewhat peremptory with them before they could understand him. Finding that they had a man to deal with who knew his duty and rights, and who was able and determined to do the one and exact respect for the other, they turned back and stopped here a part of the night for rest and refreshments. Our wounded boys were poor comforters, because the strongest exponents of our principles, and early in the morning they put back to Santa Fe as wise as they came.

Towards night the command arrived from San Jose, and about 4 o'clock P. M., we were ordered to proceed on the Galisteo road to a ranche ten miles in advance. This road leaves the main route three miles from here, and passing to the left of our old battle-ground avoids Apache Canon and the town of Santa Fe altogether, and via Galisteo proceeds to Albuquerque. Here is the place for the Texans to meet us if they wish to prevent our junction with Canby. Their not doing so looks as though they intended to give over the occupation of the Territory, or let it out at least. When we started it was snowing and blowing full in our faces; it was cold, wet, and intensely disagreeable. We realized again that necessity knows no law. All things must have an end, however, and we arrived at our journey's end and the end of the storm about 11 o'clock.

There was no ranche on the road, and our advance continuing on, we proceeded to the town of Galisteo. It is situated on a small creek of the same name, in a somewhat open country, twenty miles from Coslosky's and the same from Santa Fe. It appears the Texans were wont to camp here. Upon the news of our skirmish with their advance on the 26th ult., necessitating their immediate march and promising an early encounter with us, their enthusiasm was unbounded and expressed in the wildest manner.

As they have bought up with Confederate scrip all the army supplies in this section, the soundness of their judgment in not returning here is evident. Besides, the laurels of victory, which had hitherto graced their brows, were sadly withered if not actually torn off on that memorable occasion, and it is perhaps natural for them to avoid a community that has witnessed their intolerable braggadocio. At any rate there are none here now.

Capt. Nicodemus, Gen. Canby's Adjutant, was here, on his way to our camp, and did not know at first, so debatable was the ground, whether to take us for Cowboys or Skinners. We finally convinced him of our character, and he then informed us that Canby's command had come up from Craig, and making a feint of attacking the enemy, who it seems had fallen back from Santa Fe on Albuquerque, gained Carnuel Pass under the cover of night, and was lying at San Antonio, a small town at the head of the Pass, forty miles distant. The enemy numbers nearly two thousand and seems to have no very tantalizing desire to encounter the Colorados again.

They say they had nothing to fear from the regulars, and if they had known they would have to meet a regiment of volunteers they never would have come to New Mexico. When we came they had virtual possession of the country. A small garrison on either confine of the Territory could hardly be said to uphold sufficiently the dignity of the government while the Texans occupied the balance, and their piratical bunting buffeted the breezes of the Capital. No sooner did we meet them than we *fought* and so crippled them in a single action that they were compelled to evacuate the country.

I state this not to flatter the one nor disparage the other, but because it is the truth and justice demands its utterance. While the regulars fight to avoid fighting the volunteers fight *to whip*. This much as regards the officers. With leaders worthy of them I believe the men will hoe their row with any troops in the world.

Col. Paul is with the command at Coslosky's, Col. Slough, Capt. Howland and other officers are at Pigeon's.

APRIL ELEVENTH.

Dispatches between the two commands, now sixty miles apart, seem to be the order of the day, one passing every hour.

We were quartered in a large house and doing well when an order, written in pencil, came from Paul for us to move out to Pino's Ranche, twenty miles west.

We started about 2 o'clock P. M., and had made eighteen miles, when a messenger overtook us, with an order from the Q. M. General or the A. A. A. General, or some other species of General to come back again. At first Nelson seemed disposed to disregard this last mandate of his superior, especially as it was only verbal; but reflecting, I suppose, that if not obeyed it would be followed by a written command, he finally ordered the countermarch. We reached town about midnight. Ten hours in the saddle for nothing is enough to excuse an oath in the mouth of the mildest Christian on the sod.

We have been exposed in all weathers, marched when we should have been asleep, overworked and underfed till the men are tired out, and the horses, unable to stand so much hard usage, are dying and giving out daily. At this rate a short time will suffice to dismount us entirely; which, when accomplished, will deprive the regiment of as good a company as there is in it; for they will never serve on foot except with ball and chain. If there is a disagreeable task to be performed, or danger to be encountered, they call on us; but if a town is to be occupied after the enemy has gone, the regulars come in. Howland's company went into Santa Fe yesterday and had their spree, while we were marched out twenty miles across the prairie and back as if we needed exercise. A murrain on all such miserable combinations if that's what they call them.

The command arrived to-day and camped on the creek. A sentinel halted us as we approached the lines, and when Nelson asked him if he thought he could clean us out, said he would try it if we did not obey him. Laughing at his pluck (he was alone and about a quarter of a mile off,) we satisfied him as to our identity, and got to bed sometime during the small hours of morning.

The infantry camp is full of rumors. One, that they had captured forty deserters from our regiment up above Maxwell's—false; another that Sergeant Philbrook had been shot at Union, in pursuance of sentence by general court-martial, for shooting Lieut. Gray in March—true. As none of our men were at the Post I have not heard the particulars, but whatever they were let me here record that he died the victim of *whisky*, nothing else.

APRIL TWELFTH.

The command rested to-day.

Nothing occurred worthy of note but the dismissal of Col. Slough from the U. S. Service and the consequent promotions. His resignation has been accepted and he honorably discharged. His parting address was published to the assembled regiment on parade. In it he claimed pure motives for himself, referred to the engagement in Apache Canon as proof of his earnest endeavors in our country's cause, expressed regret wherever he had failed to give satisfaction, and ended by desiring us to remember that we were Coloradoans, men and Americans, and could not afford to do anything to dishonor ourselves as such. He started in the morning for Gen. Canby's camp to see him in *propria persona*.

The attentive reader of these pages need not be told that he had been unpopular in his regiment. Why—let each judge for himself.

Col. Slough was a man of undoubted ability and bravery, but his personal contact with his men was never of a kind to make him beloved. He wanted tact and policy. Feelings will undoubtedly change regarding him, for his resignation was a necessary consequence of an order which, under the circumstances, both he and the regiment felt it was a disgrace to obey. He obeyed it as became a subordinate officer. He resigned as became a gentleman and a man.

Capt. Howland's company arrived from Santa Fe, via Pino's rancho. The Texans have evacuated the town, taking a considerable amount of Government property from the Navajo Agency. Stores have accumulated there within the last four years on account of the hostility of the Indians. There are still in town wounded, sick, deserters, &c., of the Texans, some two hundred and fifty. Notwithstanding the balance of loss in the late engagement was so heavy against them, one of their officers is out in the *Gazette* claiming that the battle of Glorieta, as they call it, adds one to the long list of victories achieved by the Confederate arms. Our loss, as stated by them, amounts to two hundred more than we had in the field and they drove us forty miles. Their own rebound is likely to carry them over a thousand. With such outrageous lies they seek to bolster up their waning courage. One must respect their grit and unscrupulousness while detesting the cause in which they are displayed.

They are at present in Albuquerque and by their not engaging Canby or preventing him from passing to meet us, we judge they mean to get away if possible.

Let us once join Canby and they must show a clean pair of heels and a decided progress Texasward or fight.

CHAPTER XII.

Junction with Canby. Chivington appointed Colonel. Night March. Reflections. Battle of Peralta.

APRIL THIRTEENTH.

The silence of night was broken in the first of the wee hours by the drum and bugle calling us to rise and prepare for the march, known to be a hard one. We stood around and waited amply long enough to have taken breakfast but no one knew it faster than it happened. About 2 o'clock A. M. we started, man and brute with empty stomachs for a tramp of forty miles. A pretty piece of economy, but nothing when once used to it. The regiment had made fifty to sixty miles twice before in the campaign, and knew what was before them but they did not flinch. Show them a sight to meet the enemy and sixty miles a day would easily be accomplished. If, as Napoleon said "conquest lay in the legs more than in the arms of soldiers," the first should be invincible. The men who can outmarch them have yet to be born.

For the first few miles the country is broken and covered with small pine bushes, but soon the road emerges on a plain stretching away like a sea in every direction but the west, where it is bounded by a broken chain of mountains. Through occasional gaps in these appear the blue and hazy peaks of other and more distant ranges. The plain across which our route lies in a southwesterly direction, is covered with cactus as an Illinois prairie is with rosin-weed. Thirty miles from Galisteo we turned the chain of mountains on our right, and began to descend a kind of ravine leading to the head of Carnuel Pass.

We passed a Mexican town or two, and followed down perhaps ten miles, a small clear stream bearing us company a part of the way and then sinking as if ashamed of itself in this land of muddy water, when the long sought camp of Canby was found, snugly embosomed among the densely timbered hills of the Pass. He had moved to-day from the head of the cañon down five or six miles. He had four pieces of artillery and ten or twelve hundred men. We arrived about dusk, having been on the road without food fourteen hours. Some of the horses had to be led into camp, and they will probably never leave it.

APRIL FOURTEENTH.

Lieut. Col. Tappen, having generously waived his rank in favor of Major Chivington, that gentleman is appointed Colonel of the First Colorados by Gen. Canby, subject to the approval of the Governor of Colorado Territory.

Lieuts. Roath and Sanford, having resigned their commissions left for Denver with Colonel Slough.

The command moved down the Pass about six miles, halted, took a slight lunch, and just as we came out in sight of the Grande valley, in which by the aid of a spy-glass, we could see the river like a silver thread, glistening under the slanting beams of the setting sun, we turned to the left, and taking a course almost parallel with the river, struck it about midnight, eighteen miles below Albuquerque. We camped a mile from Peralta, where the Texans had halted in their retreat, thinking we were yet in the vicinity of Galisteo.

The sky was clear, the weather mild, the moon in full glory, and had it not been for the peculiar scene towards which we were hastening, a battle field, one might have ventured to enjoy it. Who could refrain from living over the past, when nature and circumstances combined to excite retrospective musings, seldom at rest in some temperaments. The hills down which we used to slide in winter, the grassy meadows where we wandered picking straw-berries in summer, the schoolhouse which we could not bear to leave at the commencement of the term, and which became an actual prison before it was over, the garden that received our earliest attention, the farm over which we drove the big bright days to harrow in the oats and barley, or turn the sod for the more substantial corn, the old barn with its eaves alive with swallows and its roof with doves, where on rainy days we [illegible], hunted hens-nests, and played hide-and-coop, the nursery where the peach, the grape, the plum, hung in rich profusion through the mellow Autumn days, the old [illegible] on green currant pie and shad [illegible] of "Spring states," the hayfield where sixteen or eighteen hours work every day could not prevent the jumping match, the foot-race, the swim, or game of ball, "and nearer, dearer, sweeter far than these," the companions of those days of innocence and bright promise.

Was it strange that pictures of days "lang syne" should come uncalled, to brighten my misty memory on that beautiful battle pursuing night? Filling my heart with emotions, Mr. Poe to the contrary notwithstanding my pen cannot portray?

A nameless charm shrouds the dead past. It seems we were then happy. Shall we not if spared to life, look back the same to this campaign, in which God knows we suffer every inconvenience, and see nothing but the romance and poetry, all disagreeables forgotten? Yes, time mellows and wears off all asperities. "Distance lends enchantment to the view."

But the falsity of the illusion is no cause for rejecting it. Suppose we are self-deceived. I recall with as much pleasure the days when I tumbled and rolled in fathers orchard munching green apples, or wandered alone over the farm that my great-grand-father won from the forest, picking black rasp-berries along the old half-fallen stone walls, forgetting the childish griefs that gave rise to those lonely rambles, as if they were really what I love to dream them, seasons of unalloyed happiness.

Who has not roamed through the fresh woods in the first days of June, listening to the gay songs of innumerable choristers, almost intoxicated with the bare joy of existence. Everything fresh and beautiful, a charm ready furnished by nature to gratify every sense of the creature.

Away with all dry, hot, barren, prairie countries, and give me the sugar woods of the Green Mountains, a clear cool morning in early summer when men absorb pleasure as the leaves the dew.

Who can forget the land that first ravished him with its beauties? Such, I envy not, and though many, many changes have happened since the merry days of childhood stole noiselessly away, and some of them perhaps for the worse, yet it is to be pitied who has forgotten to sigh for his native hills and the friends of his young life.

Such thoughts might be broken but not banished by the word continually passing to the rear, that "the enemy was in front and any minute might witness a collision." At such moments, all that is pleasant in life came and clustered round the heart as if by instinct, till it shuddered at the thought of death—death, which might meet us now at any step.

Still we could not falter. To enjoy life the benign genius of self-respect must smile on us. Could it be aught but the life of a slave that should be purchased by the sacrifice of manhood? No! we can do no less than emulate our ancestors, who, though incessantly warring for ten centuries, never raised an arm in a holier cause than ours—*Freedom boundless as the sunshine for all.*

Having arrived within a mile of the enemy, taken their pickets prisoners as usual and learned their condition by means of spies, we expected to attack immediately, and impatiently awaited the order to advance. When it became apparent that we were to postpone all action until daylight, words failed to express the disgust of the volunteers.

The Texan officers were carousing at a fandango, and their men demoralized by ill usage and bad management. Col. Chivington offered to capture or disperse them with the Colorados alone, but Canby, either afraid of the result or jealous of us, would not consent. Thus the golden opportunity passed never to return.

We reposed on our arms, still indulging the hope of surprising them in the morning.

BATTLE OF PERALTA.

April, Fifteenth.

The first sound that startled us in the morning was a thrilling reveille from Canby's bugles, which was followed up by the stirring strains of Dixie, thrust upon the deathly quiet by the brazen throats of Sibley's Brass Band.

All thoughts of surprise were at an end. The camp was in commotion by daylight. We were graciously permitted to make some coffee, which was approaching fruition, when we descried a small train coming down from Albuquerque, about equi-distant from us and the Texans.

Observing by the glass that their escort was small—thirty-five—and having received the requisite orders we went after it. Our horses had melted down to thirty-three, and these were in miserable heart.

As we galloped across the bottom towards them they fluttered like birds in a snare, and I think had they consulted wisdom would have left the miserable overloaded train and proceeded leisurely to their command. Instead, however, part prepared to defend it, by unlimbering and loading a brass howitzer in attendance, while the rest, under cover of the wagons, leaned on their trusty rifles for support. A few emptied the premises of their presence with more speed than was necessary to ensure their safety or vindicate their bravery.

Intently observing their movements, we approached on the gallop to within two hundred yards, dismounted and deployed as skirmishers, and advanced on the train. Soon they let loose, and down, quick as thought, dropped every man, emptying his piece while in that position at any part of a human form exposed to his aim; then up, and forward—and down again to let their fire pass over us. Thus we proceeded till within fifty yards, when, with a yell, we rushed on them. Whereupon, something over a dozen stepped out in sight, dropped their arms and hoisted a dirty handkerchief on a ramrod, in token of surrender. The balance took leg bail for security. Some of them were shot down, some captured, and a few escaped.

Doubtless they would have held out longer, but two companies of infantry were in sight, coming on double-quick, and arrived just in time to witness the surrender.

We limbered up the howitzer and made the prisoners haul it in. Meeting Capt. Claflin on his way to another part of the field, he took it and was soon testing its functions against its late owners.

The train contained some Quartermaster and Commissary stores, though nothing of any great value. We got 10 mules, all wagons, and ten to fifteen horses and equipments.

We had one man, J. H. Hawley, wounded so severely that he died in a few days. We killed four of them and wounded six.

Just as we left camp on this errand, Capt. Grayden's independent company of New Mexican Volunteers galloped into town and exchanged a few shots by way of challenge, and then came back. As we returned they opened with artillery on our train, which we were obliged to move out of range, as they were killing our mules, three or four at a shot. Our guns replied, of course, but as they had the advantage in position our firing was soon discontinued.

Before we got back to our coffee the command, in two columns, under Cols. Paul and Chivington, respectively, with a section of artillery in the centre of each, had started towards the river to gain the shelter of the timber, under which to approach the town and command the ford. We countermarched and followed in the rear. Occasionally we would halt, while our artillery loudly challenged them out.

They were in the centre of the circle upon the arc of which we were moving. On a little higher ground, and sheltered by the bank of a huge *acequia*, they had our range precisely, and I will not say but that sitting a horse, on a high bridge, watching this artillery practice, was "slightually," you understand, not exactly interesting, but disagreeable — that's it.

That cursed gunner whom we captured in the Canon, and released on parole, was paying his respects to us. That his manners had improved vastly of late, was the only thought I had leisure to devote to him.

To be sober, the Texans had us at a disadvantage and they knew it. They would not resign it till forced to, and we moved again, either towards town, in line of battle, or farther to the right by column.

The cavalry was here, there and everywhere; now preparing to charge, now on foot advancing as skirmishers; always about to do something, but never doing it.

During the morning it was the impression that Canby, with a portion of the command and a section of artillery, was gaining the other side of town, and that at a given signal we were to assault and take the place by storm.

Col. Paul, second in command, was anxious to bring on an engagement, and permitted Major Wynkoop at his own request, to advance his battalion for that purpose. At the same time the cavalry were to charge on the right and Chivington's column advance in support of Wynkoop, as occasion should require.

This plan of attack had been inaugurated, when Canby came to the front and quashed it.

From the nature of the ground, covered with low, heavy timber, cut up by wide sloughy *acequias*, and crossed and recrossed by adobe walls, a charge by the cavalry would have been next to madness. The horses, weak and weary, would have stuck in the mud, while the riders were picked off by an unseen foe. An infantry charge, for the same reasons, might have been successful, but it was incompatible with Canby's plans I suppose, consequently not attempted.

It was the most harmless battle on record, putting one in mind of two gamblers colleagued to *do* a greeny, betting and bluffing together with perfect recklessness to bait him, but suddenly finding their judgment when he put his foot into it.

Canby and Sibley are comrades of old.

We lay around on the ground in line of battle, asleep. I had ample time to take the fullest notes. Towards noon, becoming intolerably hungry, and seeing no likelihood of getting any secesh to eat, we knocked over a dozen of their beeves, and broiling them on the coals made a good meal.

About 2 o'clock P. M., a high wind sprang up, and though Colorado is *some* on a bender, she must yield the palm to Mexico. The air was one solid cloud of moving sand and dust, in which one could scarcely breathe. Further operations were impossible while it continued, and we retired to camp.

This was the first specimen of Canby we had seen, and it is idle to deny that we were disappointed.

As it is always fashionable to abuse everything that looks like cowardice, the General was castigated unmercifully that night. And I think with good reason. With a superior, better-appointed force, we had fired a few artillery shots, had been drawn up in line of battle six hours, just beyond rifle range of the foe, and finally hauled off with the immense loss of two men, (killed by a round shot,) left the ford unguarded, and allowed them to put the river between us, which, as the sequel has proved, was an escape from our clutches entirely.

Of what avail our forced marches? Our regiment has made great efforts and sacrifices to meet the vile traitors, and to see them escape when actually within our grasp, from the stupidity or treachery of our General, effectually kills enthusiasm, if it goes no further. That he was loth to shell the town on account of the harmless inhabitants, is no defense. That was a last resort, never rendered necessary until many other palpable means of destroying the enemy had been exhausted. These were never even attempted.

As if by mutual understanding, they commenced crossing the river when we drew off the field, and morning saw them all over, snapping their fingers at us.

As Sibley waved his farewell from the opposite bank he seemed to say, "Thank you, gentlemen, for your hostile intentions. Doubtless they are sincere, but Canby and I understand each other." These insinuations may do injustice to Canby, but they embody the ideas of the men at the time. *Vox Populi Vox Dei.*

A word, *en passant*, of Capt. Grayden and his partisans. Recruited from a class that has been despoiled of its all and driven north by the Texans, they fight from the heart. Paddy Grayden, as he is familiarly called, is quite an ordinary appearing man, but he most emphatically deceives his looks. As an enterprising, fearless leader of a desperate band, he has won a name in New Mexico equalled by few. He is always hovering around the foe, watching with eagle-eye for a chance to strike a telling blow. Long a resident of the country, acquainted with its resources and conformation, and the customs of the people, the subsistence of his company costs the Government little, while its services in the fourfold character of spy, scout, police and forager are inestimable. All honor to the brave men who carry their colors wherever there is a foe to combat and bring them back bathed in blood and glory!

CHAPTER XIII.

Pursuit. Peralta. River Bottom. Simoom in Camp. Disappearance of the Texans. Agriculture. Gen. Canby. Col. Paul. Cross the River. Socorro. Texan Hospital.

APRIL EIGHTEENTH.

Having waited long enough to avoid all risk of collision with the Texan rear-guard, our command moved out of camp, the cavalry, as usual, in advance. It was under command of Capt. Morris, of the Third Cavalry, a gentleman, and brave, dashing soldier—when there are no *snakes in his boots.*

Though well-assured the enemy was on the other side of the river, and some distance below, we manouvered round Peralta something like a dog round a rattlesnake. Courage having swelled to the requisite degree, we entered town. Observing its natural strength, every one became convinced that the Texans would not fight again in their present condition if they could avoid it.

The town called Peralta (Valencia) is for two miles a succession of adobe houses, thick, heavy walls of the same material, raised *acequias* equal to common field-works, and patches of large cottonwood timber. Defended with the spirit of Croghan or Mulligan it could scarcely have been taken at all. True, adobe walls do not afford an extraordinary defense against artillery, though much better than the same bulk of masonry, inasmuch as they cannot be knocked down, only cut away; but a better place for bushwhacking never was seen. Their voluntarily retiring from it proves them irreparably lame *somewhere.* It is said the men are much disaffected; say they have been misled, misused and not paid. Two hundred and fifty positively refused to take part in yesterday's encounter, and openly threatened Col. Scurry's life, should he persist in taking them into action. This comes from Assistant Surgeon Tolles, who was made prisoner yesterday, but released this morning according to established usage.

They are probably destitute of all kinds of stores necessary for the prosecution of the war. They are too far from their base of operations.

In this view the expedition was a failure, in and from its inception. Evidently they did not expect to fight for the country. The disgraceful surrender of Fort Fillmore was the precedent on which they calculated in usurping the sovereignty of New Mexico. Disappointed all round they seem anxious only to get off with life.

Throughout the day our road ran through towns and across innumerable *acequias*, the whole seeming one endless farm, supporting adobe houses, swarthy, blanketed Greasers, goats and *burros*, besides thousands of cattle and sheep. The valley is much like that of the Platte, though not so good where it is best. Some places are heavily turfed, some perfectly worthless—nothing but drifting sand. Others, again, strongly impregnated with alkali; the ground covered with a white crust and pools of lye standing in low places. We could see the smoking remains of the enemy's heavy baggage, burned below Las Lunas, and could fancy their command two or three hours ahead, proceeding at their leisure, as if sure of their man. They certainly have nothing to fear from us so long as they keep going, be it ever so slow.

The wind blew tremendously all day and the air was moving sand. We marched ten or twelve miles and camped. Sixty miles per day to catch the traitors and ten to let them go. Of course it is all right. We do not want to take any unfair advantage of them. We would be chivalrous, like them. God grant they may never get the same advantage of us.

April Seventeenth.

Last night, a wagon pertaining to the commissary caught fire, it is supposed from a candle inside, by which the sergeant was reading, and he, being stupid from liquor, was consumed with the wagon, before assistance could be rendered.

The country is poorer to-day, the towns and farms have migrated across the river. Excepting in a few small bends it is a desert. Sand banks, piled up like snowdrifts, to a height of fifteen feet, leave spaces completely bare and somewhat harder, over which runs the road.

We could see the Texans all day, on the other side, three or four miles distant and a little ahead. Their command appeared about as large as ours and they did not exhibit any unseemly haste.

Soon after noon they halted and took supper, while we passed ahead of them to a little town, Joya de Ceboleta, and camped about an hour by sun. By means of glasses, we could see them making preparations for starting, though they did not move while it was light.

Of course we were anxious to have something done to head them off or embarrass them. But that amounted to nothing. "Old Hundred" kept his own counsel and appeared as impassive, amid all our anxiety and the rather interesting condition of affairs, as did the First Charles before his insulted Parliament.

May be we did not like to see them slipping like an eel through our fingers. May be we did. What then? Could we hinder it? Could anybody? Perhaps; but no effort was made.

Owing to the size of the train and the sandy road, we only marched twelve miles to-day.

There was not a spire of grass nor a green thing in our camp. It was a bed of deep loose sand. Soon after dark the wind arose and blew with the greatest fury all night, filling and covering everything with sand. Men who had grown gray in the service swore they never spent a worse night. Eating, drinking, talking, seeing or sleeping were alike impossible. Tents were prostrated and buried. No description can approach reality. Texans were forgotten for the nonce and the most fervent maledictions rained on the unpardonable stupidity that could locate a camp in a sandbank.

APRIL EIGHTEENTH.

This morning there was nothing to be seen of our foe but nine wagons, which it seems he was compelled to leave. Capt. Graydon crossed the river and reconnoitered them. Finding they contained nothing but sick and disabled, he left them untouched. Subsequently these unfortunates were cared for, by order of the General.

Four miles below camp lies the town of La Joya. Some very small orchards, in full leaf, peeping from adobe courts, together with beds of onions and patches of wheat on the bottom adjoining, contrast strangely with the dull, desolate, dirt-colored appearance of the town and vicinity. I noticed here, for the first time, some corn coming up.

They do not pretend to farm in New Mexico, except where they can irrigate. Water is taken from large streams in *acequias*, which, from long cleaning become more or less elevated above the intervening land. This renders feasible the watering of high spots and unlevel ground. The plat intended for cultivation is laid off in beds, perhaps ten yards square, through and over which water is conveyed in smaller *acequias*. Under these artificial circumstances, it will be believed that the art and science of agriculture are in no very advanced state among them. Their plows consist of sharpened pieces of scantling, six inches square and six feet long, attached at an acute angle to a pole some 16 feet in length, by which they are drawn. A single perpendicular stake suffices for handles, and they scratch the ground about three inches deep. These, with a nigger hoe and a truck, whose wheels are sawed blocks from a large log, are all the agricultural implements known to the country. Nevertheless, with the assistance of a burning sun and the judicious application of water, the strong bottom lands produce astonishingly, and the limited knowledge of the simple people is perhaps adequate to the supply of their limited wants.

Wool, wheat, corn, onions and red peppers, with apples, apricots, peaches, grapes and melons are the staples of production. Of these, the *wool*, *corn*, *melons* and *apples* are miserable imitations of the same articles with us. Their stock, of all descriptions, is of the most inferior kind. A States farmer would not have it on his premises.

Altogether, it is the meanest portion of the Footstool yet vouchsafed to my sight. If there is worse may it be reserved for other eyes. One might travel through it for a life and never see a cup of *clear* water or get a drink of good whisky. Now, when there is in the States, ten degrees north of this latitude, good feed for stock, here, all the grass you see looks as if it might be five years old, so coarse, dry and hard is it. On this Grande River a white man would want ten miles in length and from bluff to bluff for good land enough to make a farm.

Nothing green or refreshing meets the eye from day to day. The *alamos* in the bottom are not yet in leaf, and spots where the grass has perceptibly started are the exceptions—not the rule.

We could see nothing of the Texans to-day. They have taken an old trail through the mountains, passing twenty miles back of Craig and striking the river thirty miles below the Post.

We made about fifteen miles and camped in a large bottom, where there was little water and less wood.

Gen. Canby is usually seen near the head of the column, attended by his staff and a few mounted troopers as an escort. Tall and straight, coarsely dressed in citizen's clothes, his countenance hard and weatherbeaten, his chin covered with a heavy grizzly beard of two weeks growth, a cigar in his mouth, which he never lights—using a pipe when he wishes to smoke—he certainly has an air of superiority, largely the gift of nature, though undoubtedly strengthened by long habits of command. His person is portly and commanding, his manner dignified and self-possessed, his whole appearance such as to inspire confidence and respect from his fellows. I think him a man of foresight and judgment—patient, prudent and cautious—of great courage, both moral and physical, and as true to the Government as any man in existence. I know that many, with as good opportunities of observing him as mine, have come to precisely an opposite opinion, but I do not think his history, closely examined, will sustain them.

He has long been in the Regular Service, and many of the Texan chiefs were his comrades, twelve months since. This may influence his feelings, but cannot swerve him from what he believes his duty. He says he considers an honest man's life worth ten of theirs, which may account for his not fighting them, unless under superior advantages to any that have yet offered.

The command is divided into three columns, commanded respectively by Cols. Paul and Chivington, of the infantry, and Capt. Morris, of the cavalry.

Col. Paul, of the Fourth New Mexican, is a sterling officer—one of the few never cursed by the soldiers. The best tactician in New Mexico and a strict disciplinarian, he yet combines so much judgment and tact in the discharge of his duty as to seldom give offense. His pluck is indomitable, as was proven on the bloody fields of Mexico, and his men place all confidence in his thorough devotion to the cause of the Government. Of a medium size, the severe regularity of his features, his silvery hair and gentlemanly carriage compel respect. He dresses in citizen's clothes, puts on no unwarrantable airs, but quietly attends to his own affairs. From close observation, I caught the impression that Paul is a man of deep and earnest convictions, endowed with the courage to follow wherever they lead—as a soldier, brave and true, quick to decide and prompt to execute. He will attain a much higher rank before the war is over if justice is done to his deserts.

APRIL NINETEENTH.

We rested to-day on account of our stock. Having no forage and the roads being sandy and rough, the teams are nearly tuckered out. The train did not all get in last night till very late, though we camped soon after noon.

A man named Pelham, once Surveyor General of the Territory for Government, came into camp with thirty other prisoners, took the oath of allegiance and left, ostensibly for their own country, where the young ladies, as we learn from their letters found among the Texan rubbish, would fain wear Yankee ears for necklaces. We will undoubtedly meet those fellows again whenever we have another engagement. Their oaths of allegiance amount to nothing.

In what other country did the world ever see rebels, taken in arms against their lawful Government, released after being disarmed and subscribing to a flimsy oath? Where, rather would they not be drawn and quartered without judge or jury? Such a policy, rigorously pursued, would bring the contest within the comprehension of everybody, and a few figures would show how it would end, and how many would be left.

APRIL TWENTIETH.

Proceeded down the river about three miles and commenced crossing opposite Limitar. The water was only belly-deep to a horse, and the command and our long train was across and two miles below, over a sandy road, and in camp by sundown.

A Commissary train arrived from Union. This was very acceptable as we were thoroughly tired of rotten bacon and bread without soda, salt, coffee or sugar. The weather has been fine and warm for three days—the wind has slept—something must be about to happen.

Grayden's spies say the Texans have buried their artillery, excepting two pieces, and burned their wagons down to fifteen, and are going through the mountains, by Cook's Springs, to the Mesilla.

APRIL TWENTY FIRST.

Just below our camp lies the finest savannah we have passed on the river. Nearly two miles either way across it with a smooth, solid turf, from which the grass is now springing, it seems a white man *might* live here, could he shut his eyes to the bare, brown, sandy hills surrounding.

Immediately below it is the town of Socorro. Small apricot orchards scattered through the place force themselves into notice by their beauty and freshness. I saw a patch of wheat at least knee high.

We are getting sensibly further south. *Muheres* cackled at us from housetops as we passed; *Muchaches* gazed long and wildly, and whole battalions of *perros* hung on our flanks, discoursing the most unconscionable canine music.

A hospital flag still waves over the Texan sick and wounded at the battle of Val Verde, and by the general aspect of affairs they have no idea of leaving their quarters soon.

Poor fellows! The climate and Uncle Sam's boys have sadly wasted them. They are now *flying* through the mountains with a little more than a third of the number with which they first assaulted us at Fort Craig. Many, very many, "softly lie and sweetly sleep low in the ground." Let their faults be buried with them. They are our brothers, erring, it may be, still nature will exact a passing tear for the brave dead. And doubt not there are who will both love and honor their memory if we cannot. Any cause that men sustain to death becomes sacred, at least, to them. Surely we can afford to pay tribute to the courage and nobleness that prefers death to even *fancied* enthralment.

We took seventy-five stragglers and convalescents prisoners. The intention is to administer the oath and send them home.

The river bottom, which comprises the world here, averages perhaps a mile wide, and though impregnated more or less with alkali is mainly good soil. There is very little timber—all cottonwood. The river runs from side to side, and where it touches the bluffs the road of course has to rise over them. This makes hard traveling, especially for a large train and poor stock.

The weather is fine and we are making good progress. Camped about sundown, ten miles below Socorro.

Somebody has arrived in camp with tobacco, and the eagerness with which it is gobbled proves it to be *the* indispensable. There are only a dozen chews to the man, and as they parsimoniously calculate how far they can make it go a deep drawn sigh escapes them at this last and worst and most vexatious privation. "Tobacco, postage stamps and fiddle strings." "What more could a man ask or enjoy if he had it?" Vide Charley Wendell.

CHAPTER XIV.

EPISODE.

Description of Fort Craig and vicinity. Approach of Sibley's Force. Manouvering. Canby outwitted. Annihilation of Sibley's Lancers. Texans Capture McRae's Battery. Canby retires into the Post.

April Twenty-Second.

Arrived within a mile of Fort Craig and camped. Timber and grass continue to improve in quality.

Passed the Val Verde battle-ground, and contrived by conversation with the men who were in the action to get a better idea of it.

Without pretending to perfect accuracy, I will give a sketch of the affair, as taken from one who was in it.

In order to a good understanding of the movements near Fort Craig, resulting in the battle of the 21st of February, it will be necessary to give some description of the Post and country immediately adjoining.

Fort Craig is situated on the edge of an elevated plain, coming close down to the river on the west side. It contains quarters for two full companies of dragoons, and is surrounded by an adobe wall pierced for rifles. It would afford no protection against artillery. This plateau fronts on the river, more or less boldly, for over two miles, then gradually widening, recedes to the sand-hills, which in their turn give place to a range of mountains, fifteen miles back from the river. Its edges rise abruptly from the bottom to an altitude of nearly one hundred feet. It is smooth and level near the Post, and devoid of vegetation.

Above, the valley is wide and beautiful, with considerable timber. Below, it soon runs out, and at the distance of ten miles the sand-hills occupy its place. Along their base runs the road. It is sandy and crossed by numerous ravines. Opposite these hills, on the east side of the river, lies a high, peaked, bald mountain.

Three miles above this is the town of Paradero, literally a "Halting Place," so called from its being located immediately at the end of the Jornada del Muerte, a cut-off of ninety miles, without water. There is a wide bottom between the town and river, and five miles below the Post a good ford.

Opposite the Post there is a plateau, corresponding with the one on the west side, ascending as it recedes, and joining above, a steep-sided table-mountain, perhaps 200 feet higher. He who would pass up on the east side must go round this, over heavy sand-hills.

The road again strikes a narrow sandy bottom seven miles above the Post. From thence up, for many miles, the route on the east side of the river is easily commanded by artillery from the west side.

As Gen. Sibley approached he proceeded very leisurely, aiming to rest and recruit his men and animals.

His force was known to be over three thousand and he was thought to have some field-pieces of range sufficient to batter the Post about our ears without coming in reach of our guns.

This made Canby willing to risk an engagement outside if he could pick his ground. Scouts were out daily, who kept us informed of their gradual approach, and when they came to the right place a battalion of infantry, under Capt. Wingate, was sent down opposite Paradero, to take a strong position there, in a ravine, and dispute their further advance.

Soon after Wingate had made his arrangements, Capt. Graydon's company, out scouting, were driven in by the Texan advance of 400 cavalry. It was thought they meditated an attack.

Word was sent to the Post, and in two hours Canby was on the ground with his whole force, consisting of 1800 white men, fragments of the 5th, 7th and 10th U. S. Infantry, Company A, 2d Colorado Volunteers, Cols. Pino and Carson's regiments New Mexican Volunteers, and about 800 Rifles and Dragoons, under Capt. Lord—3000 men.

Upon this decided demonstration of resistance the Texans withdrew and camped, and Canby returned with his force to the Post. This was wrong. Provisions and tents, if necessary, should have been brought to them, and they should have held this position. It was so strong the Texans could not successfully attack it; they could neither pass by nor cross the river; they had but little grub, and in a short time an unconditional surrender would have been the only alternative of starvation.

The next day found this position in possession of the enemy.

Having ascertained that their artillery was inferior to ours, it was now contemplated to await an attack in the Post. About 1 o'clock, P. M., of the 18th, their whole command appeared in sight, on the edge of the plateau, two miles below the Fort. They were formed in three columns, as if for attack, and were apparently making arrangements for that purpose—really, diverting our attention while they crossed their train over the river, opposite Paradero.

Towards night their cavalry was observed filing up a ravine to the west, and Canby, surmising that they wished to gain the mountains, and thus pass the Fort, ordered out our cavalry to drive them back. All the artillery in the Post followed and the whole infantry force was drawn up outside, in hopes they would attempt to sustain their cavalry, and thus bring on an engagement.

The men, natives and whites, confident of our superiority, were in the best of spirits and fairly ached for a fight. Skirmishers advanced from both parties, though not far enough to do any harm.

By this time the Texans had crossed their train, and having no further need of this ruse suffered their cavalry to be forced back, and withdrew their command from the plateau.

Our men returned within the Post somewhat disappointed, but still in the main reposing every confidence in our Chief.

Canby, confident he could corral the whole of them in his own way and time, seemed determined not to be drawn into a fight except on grounds of his own choice, and not to expose his men when the object could be attained without it.

The Texans crossed the river in the night and laid up to rest the next day. Supposing they would attempt to plant their artillery on the bluff opposite, it being higher ground than the Post, Canby ordered a strong force to cross the river on the morning of the 19th, and take position.

On the 20th the Texans filled their water kegs, and about 1 o'clock, P. M., made their appearance. The command was in advance of the train and we expected an attack; nor did we observe their real object, which was to pass round the table mountain and gain the river above, until they had secured such an advantage in position that they could drop shot right among us while we could not carry up to them. Canby soon arrived on the field, and observing the condition of things, endeavored to find a position for our battery from which to prevent their passing above, or drive them back. From the lay of the ground, ascending rapidly and evenly from the point of the plateau a great distance, it was impossible to find a place from whence we could annoy them at all. They halted, corraled their wagons, turned loose their stock and kept belting away with the single shot-gun in their possession. Here the native volunteers first exhibited that restlessness under fire which culminated next day in a disgraceful flight.

Night came, and leaving their fires burning, the Texans started for the river above. Certain, from the nature of the place, that if once *there* they could not escape him, Canby withdrew a part of his men from the east side and sent Col. Roberts, 3d New Mexican Volunteers, with a battalion of infantry and two batteries, one consisting of two twenty-four-pound howitzers, Lieut. Hall, the other of three six-pound shot-guns and three twelve-pound howitzers, Capt. McRae, up on the west side of the river, with orders to prevent their approach to or escape up it.

In the night about two hundred mules, coming below to drink, fell into our hands.

On the morning of the 21st the enemy had passed out of sight, on his way up, and all the available force was brought over and dispatched above. Col. Roberts arrived at the upper end of the mountain just as their advance was approaching the river and throwing his men across, under cover of his artillery, deployed them as skirmishers and drove the rebels back into the sand-hills.

Company A, of the Second Colorados, was on the extreme left, and Sibley taking them, from their new uniforms, to be Greasers, sent two companies of lancers to demolish them. Recall had just been sounded, and the company was taking close order, under the impression that the lancers, whom they saw in the distance, were our own cavalry. They rapidly approached. Each was armed with a lance, the blade three inches wide and twelve long—the shaft nine feet. A red guidon was tacked to each where it would drink the blood of a man impaled on it, and coming in three columns, at full speed, the boys say they looked as if the Devil had set them on end. No doubt he did, for they are the favorite outfit of Gen. Sibley. Capt. Dodd says to his men, "They are Texans." "Give them hell." And they did. Some came near enough to be transfixed and lifted from their saddles by bayonets, but the greater part bit the dust before their lances could come in use.

Of the two companies, near one hundred strong, three returned unhurt, and a pile of forty two dead horses marked the termination of their career for months.

The Texans now opened on them with cannon and they retired to the river, with considerable loss.

The skirmishing in which we so easily beat them back was conducted by about 700 men on each side, and occupied less than an hour's time. Doubtless it answered the purpose intended, for it induced a false idea of their stamina, leading to disaster in the sequel. From the point of the mountain, the river makes a big sweep to the west, (up stream), and then resumes its regular course. McRae's battery was now run across and took position on the elbow formed by the bend. The skirmishers and cavalry were in the rear of it, under the river bank, drying their clothes and warming themselves, wet and chilled from crossing and recrossing the river during the past few days. Lieut. Hall's battery also crossed and took position under the brow of the mountain, 400 yards below McRae's. Kit Carson's New Mexicans were assigned to its support. The enemy had made but little demonstration since the skirmishing ceased.

Things were in this shape at one o'clock P. M., when Gen. Canby came on to the field. An hour was spent in collecting information and there is no doubt but that the engagement thus far, was represented to him, in a far more favorable light than it should have been. He knew it would have a bad effect on the men to retire them across the river. They could imagine nothing to prompt such a movement but cowardice or treachery. Not only so, it would provoke an attack from half a foe while crossing, and his guns might be captured from the rear instead of the front. Things had outrun his control, and nothing remained but to bring on a general action and risk it.

He ordered an advance of the line. McRae's battery was moved up and forward, fifty yards, and all the white infantry and cavalry assigned to its support. They were stationed on either side and in the rear, not very well concentrated, but still sufficiently so, had officers and men done their duty. Lieut. Hall's two twenty-fours were advanced so as to rake an old bed of the river, a favorite outwork of the enemy.

From information since obtained from the Texans, they considered the capture of our artillery the only alternative of surrendering. Cols. Greene, Scurry and Major Lockridge had so informed the men, and called for volunteers to charge on and capture it. Fifteen hundred had silently filed into the channel above-mentioned 600 yards distant, where our shells were now bursting incessantly.

It soon became evident that some offensive movement was in contemplation. A Texan officer sprang to the bank, and waving his sword, exclaimed, "This is too hot men; we can't stand it. We must take that battery or loose the day!" Crowds appeared to rise out of the earth at this appeal—some on horse, some on foot, with no order and not the least apparent concern for the storm of grape that literally swept them down as they advanced. At first they made for Lieut. Hall's battery. The reserve between flew to its support, and pouring a destructive fire into their flank while the big guns mowed them in front, they were repulsed. This was a feint.

After diverting attention from McRae's battery, the main charging column, taking a circular course made for it with a bravery worthy of a better cause. With a revolver in each hand and an eighteen inch bowie between their teeth, on, on they came resistless as fate, the gaps cut in their ranks by the now double-shotted guns filled with a living stream that appeared impossible of exhaustion. Nothing could be more terrible than the iron energy with which these long bearded, hard-featured desperadoes advanced to their purpose. What mattered it that every third man fell to rise no more? Were they not *there* for that purpose?—The possession of the battery was victory. Victory was the sovereignty of New Mexico; with which, the dead might rest in honor, without which, their money and blood had been poured out in vain. Success was their object, and their fiend-like fierceness and contempt of danger certainly merited it.

But if these qualities in them, seemed to borrow something supernatural for the occasion, it was no less so with McRae and his gunners. They did their duty nobly, taxing the death-dealing powers of their pieces to the utmost, and finally using their sabres and side arms until further resistance was madness. Two thirds of them were killed or wounded, and when Major Lockridge who led the charge, laid his hand on the gun and swung his hat in token of victory, McRae, already wounded, cried in a voice of thunder, "shoot the s—n of a b—h" and a bullet instantly sped to the hearts of each of these brave men, contending breast to breast for fame and victory. The scene at the battery for perhaps two minutes has few parallels in the experience of men. The big guns had ceased to thunder but the crack of small arms, the clash of sabres, the shouts of the combatants with the awful groans of wounded and dying heard above the din of conflict, stamped the scene with undying features of horror, never to be forgotten. It was the last desperate struggle for victory, but superior numbers soon decided it in the enemy's favor.

The action of the support remains to be noticed. On the left, the Colorados were forced into the river by the prodigious weight of the enemy's columns; more easily, that they had been kept down till the Texans came within close pistol shot. On the right, they had been sent to support Lieut Hall. They were hurrying back when their commander, Wingate, was wounded and borne from the field, upon which they consulted their safety by retiring to the other side. Two companies of Natives fired their pieces in the air, fled across the river and away to the mountains. F company of the 7th infantry, numbering one hundred, were kept down till too late by their drunken Captain Bascom, and the artillerists, to the eternal disgrace of every one concerned, were left to work their guns and be shot down like dogs with no effective support. Gen. Canby and Capt. Plympton were near the battery and made every exertion to induce the men to do their duty, but they were appalled at the disparity of numbers and would not respond to their appeals. First Sergeant Rockwell of the 7th, and another Sergeant jumped up at the call of their officers and endeavored to rouse the men, but these brave fellows soon fell, and then, in disorder, they sought the shelter of the river bank.

But Lord, a captain in the Dragoons, bears away the palm for cowardice in this disgraceful affair. He would not raise a finger to prevent the battery from being taken, and when ordered to charge the enemy after its capture, he started towards him and with a wheel turned tail and fled from the field. An officer riding up full tilt, just as he was entering the stream, succeeded by using every abusive ephithet known to the tongue in inducing him to halt till the straggling infantry got clear of the river. Such conduct speaks for itself. It is beneath scorn—lower than the King's English can be expected to go. There must be "something rotten in Denmak" when such a *thing* is kept in command.

Gen. Canby, seeing that all was lost, ordered those who were not already over the river, to cross. Hall's battery had gained the west bank, and the cavalry covered the retreat to the Post. It was somewhat disorderly at first, but no pursuit being attempted, their self-possession was regained and they reached the Fort in good order. An attack on the Post was anticipated that night, and Canby immediately published an order stating that circumstances beyond his control had given rise to the late disaster, commending the men for their fidelity and courage, and directing them in case of an attack to depend on their bayonets, that being the most formidable arm of resistance in use.

But no attack was made. Two hundred men, the flower of the Texan army, had fallen, and an equal number of wounded demanded their care. Our loss was 64 killed and 100 wounded. Enough have since died from wounds to swell the deaths to ninety. Each is buried in a single grave, with a head-board stating birth place, corps and rank in the army, and place of death. The cemetery is near the Fort, and any one viewing it must be constrained to give Gen. Canby credit for an uncommon share of humanity.

The Texan loss in stock, killed, escaped and captured counted nearly 500. A regiment of cavalry was dismounted to supply the deficiency, and then they were forced to leave thirty wagons loaded with tents, clothing, bedding etc., Henceforth, obliged from lack of transportation to lie out, sickness preyed upon them, and by their own story, carried off more than they lost in battle.

Major Lockridge, who so gallantly led the Texan charge on this occasion, left Cincinnati five or six years ago, soon after the burning of the steamer, Martha Washington, in which affair he was implicated. He assumed the name, Lockridge, was with Walker in Nicaraugua, and when the Rebellion broke out entered the rebel service with the rank of Major. His real name was William Kissane. Though the fierce and fearless leader of many a hotly-contested fight, he at length found his match in McRae. How lamentable that such men should go under in a civil strife. Of the same blood, language, history and associations, it seems they might find another outlet for their fiery energy than destroying each other.

Company A. of the Second Colorados, covered themselves with glory on this occasion. Their coolness and courage astonished, while it elicited the admiration of all who witnessed it. Long will their praises be handed from mouth to mouth in the regular corps that saw, but did not exactly emulate their heroism; and praise, extracted by volunteers from regulars, is no empty wordy nothing, but a real heartfelt encomium wrung from them whether they will or no. Over forty per centum of the company were placed *hors de combat*, which proves that the action so far as they were concerned was no summer's dream, but a gore-dyed hedious reality.

After the battle, the Texans proceeded leisurely up the river, all our troops in the towns above retiring before them to Union. Canby, too weak to follow, remained in Fort Craig until assistance came from Denver in the shape of the First Colorados. Though Gen. Canby had failed in his object, thus incurring the suspicions of the ignorant and thoughtless, it seems to me his failure was attributable more to the impatience of subordinate officers, who exceeded their orders, to cowards and traitors who would not stand by him on the field, than to defect in the plan proposed for entrapping the rebels. Had it been carried out with energy and fidelity—had he sufficiently respected the audacity and effectiveness of the foe and given his personal attention to the details of the business, he would have been successful.

The Texan dead were estimated from the size of their graves, which were in plain sight till high water obliterated their traces. The main statements in the above account may be relied upon.

CHAPTER XV.

NARRATIVE RESUMED.

Pursuit abandoned. Camp at Val Verde. Renewed alarm from Texans. Crossing the River. Drowning. Mountain [illegible]. [illegible] of Company A. Arrival of Col. Howe and departure of Chivington. Expedition to Mesilla. Started. Ordered back. Regiment ordered to Fort Union.

APRIL TWENTY-THIRD.

Having as was intended compelled the enemy to destroy or abandon his baggage and leave the country by the back door, we looked for a little rest at this point. The river was lined for a mile with men washing themselves and their clothes. Soon after noon an order came for the mounted men to start below immediately, with two days rations. This order was soon modified and the whole command moved down on the bottom, three miles below the Post, and camped there for the night.

The weather was fine; I was sent out with a picket. We took post on a sightly bluff whence we could watch the region through which the enemy was supposed to be coming from the mountains on to the river. Paddy Grayden was there too, as the vulture over the carrion, and was to signal to me by fires the enemy's movements. Capt. Morris in command of the cavalry wished to pursue and fall on their rear. Paul and Chivington were also anxious to follow them, but Canby would not give consent.

Our camp fires could be seen above, now shooting up brilliantly, then dying away. The time, the place, the scene and circumstances, though nothing perhaps to an old soldier, were interesting to me. Here was I in a country where simply to live implies uncommon self-denial, enduring all manner of hardships and privations, my very life committed to men no better than myself, and all for what? Partly, I said, from love of novelty and excitement, partly from patriotism and ambition, and finally to fulfil my destiny. And what was that to be? Or is there such a thing?

And if so, do we shape it, or does it mould us? Questions easier asked than answered.

Dismissing them as unprofitable, I turned my gaze from the twinkling stars in which men have so long sought to read the mysteries of human life to the shining river below; threading its silvery track through cottonwood groves and turfy meadows, reflecting from its glassy bosom the pallid light of the cold moon now ascending the eastern sky, shorn of half her glory. The sight recalled the scenes of other and happier days. And as, borne on the weird night wind the soft sad wail of the departed time stole into my heart, visions of disappointed hopes and blasted faith passed as a reality before me and I thought death could hardly be bitter.

Oh! happy days of youth, trust and innocence, only prized when gone forever! Is it then impossible for man to learn but by experience? Must he burn his hand to test the nature of fire, or plunge to the depths of vice to know that its fruits are ruin? Must he trust in humanity but to be betrayed? Ah yes! "The brightest dream that ever left the sky upon the soul to beam" leaves but a deep and burning scar. Descending from the regions of bliss like a dove it nestles in the heart absorbing all that is tender and true, then flies away forever; a glimpse of heaven vouchsafed but to torture. Life has fled—Oh! that existence were not imposed. The purest, noblest aspirations for truth and virtue wither and die in the stricken heart—a new world opens before you. Do loved and trusted friends fail you? Learn to be selfish and do without them. Does the divinity who won your heart's virgin adoration prove faithless, weak, degraded even? Wipe off the tear though it burn into thy soul. She and you and all are alike.

Pass on to other and similar lessons. Thou art studying human nature. To conquer its baseness cost Divinity tears and sweat of blood. Why should we look for nobleness in it? Who ever saw it divorced from weakness and frailty, or ever will. Echo answers, never will. Launch your bark; you can sail without ballast or rudder as well as others and will doubtless go to pieces on the same breakers. No efforts can avert or alter your destiny. Live fast and pray for death to end the farce and usher another on the stage which may be better, but cannot be worse.

But hark! There go the horns, and now the drum, taking up the strain, rattles and rolls till the camp is thoroughly aroused. Soon I had buried my melancholy, and found around our camp-fire the boys who know nor fear nor sorrow.

April Twenty-Fourth.

The idea of further pursuit appears to be abandoned, for the command moved back above the Post this morning. Our animals are worn out, we have no forage and little grub, and there is but one course left—to lay up and recruit. At night a detail of fifty started down the country to reconnoitre.

And now, having paused in our travels, at least for a time, I will drop the circumstantial. every day account, and only note the most prominent incidents of our situation and camp life.

All available transportation was immediately put in requisition to furnish us with supplies, but there being no army stores nearer than Union, over 300 miles distant, and the country soft and overflowed in places, from the already rising river, while the stock was poor and weak, it took months to accomplish the task. The 1st of August scarcely saw provisions and clothing abundant. Cooking utensils, saleratus, tobacco, etc., were absolutely "non est." We procured some tents, and having a bushel or two of books, captured from the Texans, passed the time.

The detail returned from below in a day or so, having been as far as where the trail taken by the Texans came out on to the river. Evidence of their hurried passage was abundant, in the shape of dead stock, broken wagons and camp refuse of every description.

We have undoubtedly seen the last of them, and our active campaign, having continued some two months, has come to an end for the present.

Our situation in the bottom below the Post, with no wood, no shade, nothing but the warm, dirty water of the river to drink, and only half rations to eat, was not one of the most eligible. Under such circumstances it is little wonder that disgust with the service became almost chronic. Patriotism has a good sound, but soldiering as a private calls for the genuine article. The idea that he is but a unit among millions, and however pure his motives and willing his sacrifice, he can but slightly alter the result, is most discouraging. He must indeed be strong, not to regret occasionally the generous impulse that impelled him to volunteer in the cause of his beloved country; especially when he marks the harpies that are gnawing her vitals and the general lack of principle and even ability among those who control her destiny. And yet, these pigmies are to appear as heroes on the page of history. Doubtless they are much the same as the great ones of any age or country. The events of to-day will appear in a different light a hundred years hence.

Towards the end of the month we joined the regiment at Val Verde. They were encamped on the river bank, under some scattering trees. Small booths of willow brush, like inverted baskets, were ranged in regular order, as the buildings in a city. In these the boys lounged away the time, reading, writing, gambling and fiddling. Wood was brought from above in rafts, and this was great sport till two or three men had been drowned and several good swimmers had to be helped out to save them.

One evening in early May, David Waller, of H Company, attempted to cross the river, but the current proving too strong he was carried down. We found his remains, three months afterwards, on a sand-bar below the Post, and gave them sepulchre. As I watched the turbulent mass of muddy water, boiling and tumbling along, filling the channel to the brim, I thought the bitterness of death, enhanced by the seeming malice and treachery of his agent, and the unusual beauty of the time chosen to snatch his victim.

The weather was mild, the air balmy, the sky clear and studded with gems whose brilliancy was softened by the mellow light of a moon riding in full zenith. The scene recurs again with all the vividness of truth. I am lounging on a heap of blankets, under the ample canopy of heaven, conversing with a friend, every sense alive to enjoyment; Metzler is touching some opera notes that were blown into his cornet last winter, at the Denver Theatre, where they have since lain dormant—transporting one to the gaiety, animation and luxuries of civil life. The usual buz of camp and the rush of the river, now high, attract no attention, but weary by their sameness. Loud laughing and talking greets the ear on all sides. Some, touched by the beauty of nature or saddened by the memory of better days, retire apart and "mildly sing with notes angelical to many a harp," such simple airs as "Ellen Bayne," "Gentle Annie," or "By the Sad Sea Wave;" and still high over all comes the ringing tones of the Colonel, as he pours out his soul in the thrilling "Star Bangled Spanner," "Red, White and Blue," and other national hymns.

What a crowd of men, noble, mean, wise and otherwise, have thus isolated themselves from the comforts of civilization, and given their lives to their country.

It seems strange that man will organize *war*. He never would did he realize its horrors, which only come home to the soldier, and to him but on the field of carnage. Pride and ignorance buoy him up at first, a few battlefields brutalize him, and he is moved as any other machine. Why should man, endowed with reason, thus resign his free agency? Why should he not? What boots this much vaunted free will? Can he choose but live, or can he choose his time to die? And even could he, who creates the causes of his choice? He is the creature of chance if not of fate. Then why borrow trouble? Let us enjoy, if possible, this idleness, and contentedly allow them to do our thinking who are paid for it; since thinking cannot alter the case.

Having disposed of this question, which, like Banquo's ghost, will not down at our bidding, let us see how we get along. Still on half rations of flour, and the beef we get having to be held up to be knocked down, we may be said, for once, to eat to live instead of live to eat. The greatest trouble is want of tobacco. There is none in the country, and two plugs per week per company is the allowance. A man is forced to go into the woods, like a dog with a bone, to take a chew. Need I say more?

Notwithstanding some slight privations of this nature, to which we were unavoidably subjected at Val Verde, I believe the boys look back to it as an oasis in the lower Mexican desert. It was indeed our golden age. Fine weather, pleasant camp, light duty, discipline neither too lax nor too binding, perhaps it realized the acme of attainable bliss by unmitigated, unalloyed laziness.

But it did not last long. About the middle of May we migrated. The river had been running brim full for several days, and the sandy soil, moistened to the top, was telling on the men's health.

There was a point of the bluff half a mile above, washed by the channel, the only place for miles, not overflown. It was covered with wild locust, grease-wood and numerous varieties of thorn bushes, populated by rattlesnakes, centipedes, tarantulas, lizards and horned toads, while the air was alive with mosquitos, gnats and house-flies. Here, in the hot sun, the regiment lived for three months, with little to ruffle the smooth surface of that delightful ennui inherent in the situation.

Soon after we located on this "seagirt shore," reports of renewed Texan hostilities came from below. A battalion of infantry and our company, under command of Capt. Wilder, were immediately put in motion and arrived by noon at the ford below the Post, opposite Paradero. We swam our horses, stretched a rope, and by means of a dug-out twenty feet long crossed ourselves, saddles and accoutrements. The passage was dangerous from the inefficiency of the means, the strength of the current, the inexperience of most of the men, the fact that many could not swim, and in case of swamping, drowning was the only probable alternative.

Three companies of regular cavalry arrived, in the afternoon, and the first scare having passed over, the infantry returned to the sand-hill.

We got across about midnight, and a regular outfit commenced crossing. Two or three came over with our last load, and unused to the oar offered any price for substitutes. No one took them up and back they went. The current carried them down under the rope; they were standing, it caught one under the chin and jerked him into the water. The other squatted and saved himself. It was midnight, dark as pitch, he was in the middle of the stream, 200 yards wide, and we stood on the bank and listened to his groans and strangulated shrieks for help that no human agency could extend. It seemed we were accessories to his murder.

We went up to Paradero, a town with more than the usual smack of barn-yard in its *ensemble*, and spent the night according to circumstances.

Next morning the balance of the regulars came over. Once the canoe capsized and three out of five were drowned. They were all good swimmers and were stripped to the drawers in view of this emergency, but their best efforts, combined with those of their comrades, were unavailing. The river is full of suck-holes, and the water, heavy with sand rolled up as it passes along. It is a treacherous, dangerous stream when high.

A party of Texans had come up a few days before, from below, with a flag of truce, and observing that the horses of the Dragoons stationed in Paradero were herded nights on the bottom, some distance from town, thought it would pay to come back and run them off. Luckily, the horses had been brought in that night. Baffled in their object, they drew up under the bluff and sent in a demand for the surrender of the town. If they had gone, instead of sending, they would have been successful; for the summons found Capt. Tracy abed. He sent word to his men, while dressing, to prepare for immediate action, and having detained the messenger a few moments, let him depart with the assurance that they must fight for the town if they wanted it. This did not suit them, and after a little further demonstration they returned below.

In a day or two we recrossed the river and camped a mile below the ferry. Here bare-headed and bare-footed, we lived two months. Duty was heavy. A picket guard below, one at the ferry and one at the camp, left no idle time.

The mountains, fifteen miles back, became a great place of resort. There, was fine grass, good water and game in abundance. Sometimes as many as two hundred were out at once. It would have been still worse but for the Navajos, who killed one man, John Holmes, of I Company, and carried off another, William Benedict, of H.

A detail was sent out with a mule team, to hunt and gather greens for the hospital. No sooner did they arrive in the canon than Holmes and Snodgrass started up the ravine in search of something to shoot. Observing Holmes draw up as if to fire two or three times, and thinking there was game started, Snodgrass returned towards the wagon to get a knife or something left behind, when the crack, crack, of two or three rifles, closely following each other, fell upon the mountain quiet with the suddenness of a thunder-clap. The party, which was small—eighteen—hastened to the spot and Holmes was already dead, stripped and impaled on a big stick.

When they recovered from their consternation sufficiently to return to the wagon, the mules had been cut out of the harness and spirited away. Indications of an intention on the part of the Indians to surround them becoming apparent, they concluded to vamose. No pursuit was made, it being the climax of heroism with the Indians to sneak up behind a rock and kill a man without exposing themselves. Benedict was captured on another occasion, shortly afterwards. I am unacquainted with the details of the circumstance.

These Indians are a decided institution in New Mexico. In the mountain fastnesses and arid wastes of the western portion of the Territory, they are inaccessible to our forces. Every expedition yet undertaken against them has proved more disastrous to us than to them. They seldom kill their tenants, the Mexicans. It would be bad policy. Dead men raise no stock. Issuing, as occasion offers, from the mountains, of which they know every inch, they skulk in the sand-hills, shoot expressmen, capture small trains, and run off stock by the thousand. Their boldness is less surprising, if possible, than their dexterity. Snatching a flock of sheep from under the very walls of the Government Posts, they form them in a column, three or four abreast, and with an hour's start, run not the slightest risk of being overtaken.

I never heard of stock being recovered or punishment administered to their audacity but once. Lieut. Shoup, with a detail of forty-five men of L Company, First Colorado Cavalry, followed a party of Comanches three to four hundred miles, passed through several villages and thousands of warriors, regained over ninety mules, more by policy than force, and returned in forty days. The old men excused the theft, on the ground of the mulishness and inexperience of the young braves, who would not be counseled. They seemed anxious to be on friendly terms with the soldiers, who had reached with a longer arm than ever before. The boys lived on buffalo meat ten days, and would have done so ten months rather than forego their purpose.

The following General Order will serve to show the light in which this and other feats of Capt. Backus' company were viewed at Headquarters:

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT COLORADO,
DENVER CITY, COLORADO TERRITORY, Jan. 3, 1863.

SPECIAL ORDER No. 5.

The following General Order from Head Quarters of the Department of New Mexico, making honorable mention of one of our own gallant young officers, and his brave non-commissioned officers and soldiers, will be read on dress parade at all the Posts and Camps in this District, and the Colonel commanding expresses the hope that what is here justly accorded to Lieut. Shoup and his command may always be deserved by all his companions in arms from Colorado.

By order of Col. J. M. Chivington, Commanding District.

J. C. DAVIDSON,
First Lieut. First Cavalry of Colorado,
and A. A. Adjutant General.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT NEW MEXICO,
SANTA FE, N. M., Dec. 15, 1862.

GENERAL ORDER No. 103.

On the 26th of August, 1862, 2d Lieut. G. L. Shoup, of Company C, Second Colorado Volunteers, was detached from Fort Union, New Mexico, with forty-five men of that company to overtake and chastise the Indians for robbing a train, on the Cimarron Route, of over one hundred mules and horses, and recover the animals. He was gone on this service forty-one days, twenty days of which time his men were on half rations. He went into the heart of the Comanche and Kiowa country and forced the Indians to give up ninety-two of the stolen animals and to promise not again to depredate upon our trains. Lieut. Shoup marched several hundred miles while on this duty.

In the month of November, 1862, Lieut. Shoup pursued a party of men on their way to Fort Smith, Arkansas, and captured them three hundred and fifty miles out on the plains, east of the settlements of New Mexico, and in the heart of the Comanche country.

The zeal, energy, perseverance and self-denial shown by this young gentleman and by Sergeant Marvin and Corporal Allen, of Company C, 2d Colorado Volunteers, and the other resolute men of the Company, deserve this notice and are worthy of the emulation of every officer and soldier in this Department.

By order of Brigadier General Carlton.

BEN. C. CUTLER,
Captain, and A. A. General.

In due time I will give a short sketch of regular Indian hunting. The history of the Navajos, Apaches and Comanches, in connection with the government and people of New Mexico, is curious and interesting, but unfortunately I paid little attention to it.

The river commenced falling about the middle of June, and there was some preparation and much talk of an expedition going down to the Mesilla to drive the balance of the Texans home. They are said by spies to be destitute of everything, unable to get away, and to live by plundering the people. As they are only following the example of the home government at Richmond, in establishing this branch concern in Arizona, the loyal inhabitants of that sunny clime doubtless bleed willingly.

On the 4th of July, Col. Howe, Third U. S. Cavalry, arrived with a squad of officers from the States and took command of the Southern Department, relieving Col. Chivington, who immediately proceeded to Santa Fe and procured an order from Canby for the First to march to Fort Union as soon as practicable. Thence, via Denver, he went to Washington to get us transferred to a more active field of service, or if that were impracticable, to have us all mounted at least.

The long-rumored movement south was put afoot in the last days of July; five companies of our regiment and eight of the 5th U. S. Infantry started for the Mesilla, under command of Col. Howe. Three days out an express overtook them with orders for their return.

Col. Howe is an old white-headed, not to say white-livered specimen of the *genus grimalkin*, who seems to delight in snarling at and abusing on all occasions and without stint, everybody who has the misfortune to be beneath him in rank. It is related of him that at the battle or massacre of Ash Hollow, in consequence of the General's Orderly sounding the charge on an infantry bugle, he failed to put his column in motion. Subsequently, as Harney was passing, Howe says, "Where's my place General?" "Under the wagon, you s—n of a b—h," was the complimentary reply.

One of the boys in A Company was arrested for leaving his post. Not exactly liking the look of things, he repaired to Howe for assistance. As soon as he entered the Colonel's room, "What do you want? Who are you? Where did you come from? What you here for?" broke from Howe as rapidly as he could give utterance. The soldier respectfully went on to state his case. As soon as the old cock got an idea of what he had done and what he wanted, he broke in on him with a tirade something like this, "Smart, smart, hellish smart. Wont have nothing to do with it. Hate the Volunteers, hate'm, hate'm, hate'm." Rather abashed, the man ventured to enquire the punishment of his offense. "Oh shooting affair, shooting affair. Leave the room, sir, leave the room. Hate the Volunteers. Hell, hell, hell."

When the dispatch for their return overtook them, inklings of its tendency soon got abroad among the men. As the Colonel gave no signs of countermarching, the boys became impatient and Capt. Downing took occasion to hint to Howe that the Pike's Peakers were in the habit of hanging officers who didn't suit them. "Hell, hell, hell," says he, "love the volunteers, love the volunteers, always loved the volunteers, and immediately gave the requisite orders for the reversal of of the column, ejaculating in his peculiar style, "Smart, smart, smart. Hang their officers, do they? hang their officers. Love the volunteers; smart though, hellish smart.

Company F proceeded in escort of a train to Fort Thorn. This was to supply the California Volunteers, who were beginning to get through.

The country is the same as above, only more so, no towns or inhabitants of consequence. They returned about the tenth of August having lost two or three horses by the irrepressible Navajos, and found preparations for the march of the regiment in detachments by different routes to Union in active progress.

CHAPTER XVI.

Arrival of Major Fillmore at Craig. Trip to Santa Fe. Notices of Towns. Pueblo Indians. Albuquerque. Fandango. Mexican *Muheres*. Rio Grande. Santa Fe. Divine Service. Horse Racing. Arrival at Union. McDonald and Lord's whiskers.

The boys had almost forgotten that there was any pay due them for their thankless service in the hot sands and blistering sun of New Mexico. Sometime in July however, Major Fillmore came down from Colorado and we received our first eight month's wages. The Denver "duden-flickers" had made great holes in the amounts due, and the balance only furnished a different kind of poker chips; plugs of tobacco having been the species in use heretofore.

In New England, one can spend half a cent. In the Northwest it is possible to buy something with five cents; but on the Plains a quarter, in Colorado a dollar, and in Mexico five dollars is the smallest sum that will purchase anything.

The Major had paid everybody, and everybody else south of Peralta by the first of August. He waited ten days for three companies of the third cavalry to come up from Thorn, to whom he paid over 50,000 dollars, the first they had seen for 22 months, and on the 15th inst., in company with Jerry Kershow, Kassler and a young officer of the Second, started on his return north.

I was detailed on his escort and proceed to give the substance of a few notes on the appearance and towns of the Rio Grande valley.

Our first Camp at San Antonita was chiefly remarkable for the grapes, milk, onions, green corn etc., to which Fillmore stood treat. Long confined to bacon and bread, this change of diet was vastly agreeable. The grapes are a sweet amber-colored variety, and even with their rude culture, which consists merely in planting and irrigating, produce bountifully. The clusters attain the lenght of a foot, and weigh from three to five lbs. They sell *dos por un real*. The milk was an assortment from all kinds of stock including goats, but we were not fastidious, and punished an immense quantity. Onions were fine and large and sold at five dollars per hundred. Corn on the river, mostly poor and small. High water in the Spring retarded planting and left the ground in miserable condition for forcing a crop. Saw but one or two good fields of corn in the first two days travel from Craig.

AUGUST SIXTEENTH.

Passed successively the towns San Antonio, Los Lopez, Socorro and Limitar, and arrived at Polvadera, 40 miles from Craig soon after noon. River bottom is wide and looks tolerably good but for some reason it is little cropped. The towns, excepting Socorro, are insignificant. Many of our officers are here on business or pleasure. Two companies of Mexican volunteers are stationed in town which is dry, dirty and hot, built on a kind of second bottom. Vineyards line the road on either side but they are not in bearing. We bought a sack of apples and stuffed till we could'nt rest. All the apples in the country are small and sweet, only endurable as a necessity—they sell twelve for a bit.

AUGUST SEVENTEEN.

Entered heavy sand-hills soon after leaving Polvadera. Saw where the Navajos corraled a train two nights back. It is dangerous to camp in the hills, for the Indians go heavy on them. Let a small train stall and it is their meat sure. Six miles saw us through the worst of them, and we rattled along on the full jump, Fillmore on the ground threshing the mules half the time, through the dust and under a burning sun to Savinal, twenty-two miles. The town is large and scattering. Cornfields and orchards envelope the houses as the drooping white elms a Massachusetts village, and the church is all that peers above the treetops. Water from the brimming *acequias* overflows much of the surrounding country, giving it a most beautiful appearance, but rendering it hard to get around on foot. A drunken cuss of a Frenchman who belonged to Paddy Graydon's outfit last winter, with whom we stopped, button-holed Fillmore "plumb to death." It was amusing. His politeness and persistence were unbounded. Such bowing and scraping I never saw before and hope never to again.

AUGUST EIGHTEENTH.

Leaving Savinal the road passes innumerable ranches and winds through one continuous cornfield to Belen—nine miles. From Savinal to Peralta is the garden of the Rio Grande. The Mesilla may be more extensive but it can scarcely be finer. Belen is said to be a corruption of Bethlehem, and is noted for a highly ornamented church called the "Church of the Nativity." It is a pretty place, level and dry and turfy, more open than most of the river towns. Fifteen miles through a wilderness of farms, orchards and vineyards including the towns Sancillo, Galvadones and Chavez, brought us to Las Lunas; just above which, across the river, lies Peralta. *It* is *the* town of the Rio Grande. We forded the stream which was wide and breast deep to our horses.

On the other side we overtook Dodd's and Ford's companies *en route* to Santa Fe. We camped in the woods where the cannon thundered at each other four months since. In the discussion of plums, grapes and apples, brought into camp by Pueblos, we forgot all about battles and their concomitants. A few bottles of genuine heidsick aided this devoutly wished consumation.

The Pueblo country commences here. A large fine-looking town called Isleta lies on the west side of the river, just above Peralta. Their towns are more compact than those of the Mexicans. The houses are two stories high, entered through holes in the roof. They ascend by means of ladders on the outside which are drawn up in case of danger. They are more thrifty and industrious than the Mexicans, whose language they speak, and with whom they mingle on friendly terms. I observed two women spinning; one started the strand from a bunch of wool, the other stretched, evened and twirled it on a spindle. Their looms are of the rudest, but they contrive to make some nice woolen goods. They have the true copper color, are generally low in stature but exceedingly well-formed. The women, bare-headed, dressed in a frock descending just below the knee, girded at the waist like a hunting shirt, with a whole buckskin neatly wrapped round the calf of each leg making the smartest little foot, have a jaunty rakish appearance that is not belied by any undue coyness on closer acquaintance.

AUGUST NINETEENTH.

The first few miles above Peralta are heavy sand.

As we approach Albuquerque the bottoms widen and improve. Six miles below town is the residence of Judge Baird, whose effects we captured from a Texan train last Spring, as he was leaving the country with "them that forget God." The house is of two stories with an observatory on top, and the neatness of the estate evinces the superior touch of the conquering race. It is not a supurb residence, containing a court planted with every ornamental and useful tree or flower known to the country, and kept in the most delightful state of freshness by constant watering and attention like Governor Conelly's at Peralta, or the Alcalde's at Socorro, or the Government mansion at Albuquerque ; but it is so different in its *en semble* from ordinary ranches, that the stranger has no difficulty in detecting its foreign origin.

We traveled with the boys of the Second, to Albuquerque, the road bordered on both sides by corn and wheat fields the most of the way. Albuquerque is located in a rather low bottom, embowered in trees and mixed up with graperies and farms. The streets are irregular and dirty and many of the houses in a ruinous condition, giving a disagreeable impression of the town. The Texans destroyed most of the Government buildings during their occupation of it and Canby has since removed the garrison, formerly stationed here, to Peralta. There are several large, well furnished stores, mostly owned by Jews ; groceries and saloons, kept by discharged soldiers who are getting rich by running off stock to their mountain ranches, one billiard table and one barber's shop. What an assemblage of the comforts of civilization ! The plaza is the market-place and natives the hucksters. Bread, eggs, mutton and fruit of all kinds, though of very inferior quality, are offered to the public from under the large cottonwoods that add much beauty to the place.

The *muheres* gave a fandango in honor of the Pike's Peakers. The *baile*, after the Navajos, is *the* institution of the country, in which all their aspirations seem to centre. In their favorite, slow, graceful, majestic waltz, the Mexican women, dressed, and powdered, and scented to kill, appear to the best advantage. You would never suspect the brilliant "fascinee" of the fandango, in the tawny, greasy, slouch, packing a jar of water through the streets; yet she is no other. Every Saturday night, and frequently between, they meet to "trip the light fantastic toe" and enjoy the pleasure of seeing and being seen, doubtless as delicious to them as to the daughters of Eve, everywhere. Very few can read or write, and they resort to this social amusement to kill time. No admission fee is exacted, but at the end of each set you are expected to treat your partner to a quarter's worth of wine, nuts or candy. Comply with this usage and you may "chase the glowing hours with flying feet," nor cease till morn.

These reunions are often the scenes of violence and conflict. I am told by men who have long resided in Mexico that there is sometimes more danger, even to spectators, than on most battle fields. People are not over scrupulous in Colorado; but in Mexico, knives and pistols are used with a looseness absolutely refreshing. No one need hang, drown, or shoot himself. If he becomes disgusted with life let him go to a fandango, raise a row and be killed decently. That will save the trouble of writing farewell letters to be found in his pockets, and an infinite amount of speculation on the part of his friends and the world as to his motives.

Once, at Hatch's Ranche, the Mexicans pitched on to Capt. Claflin and three or four men of Company H, Third Cavalry. Highly excited by wine, one walks into the ballroom, draws his pistol and shoots a soldier dead. Taken by surprise, two more are killed and a third wounded before they can clear the room. Claflin and the wounded man barricade the door and lie on the floor close under the window, while the Mexicans literally fill the house with rocks. After a while it is still. Claflin raises his hat to the window on a stick; just as he expected, a renewed shower of rocks deluges the hat and it goes down. Thinking they had at last well done their work, the Mexicans gradually depart. Claflin and his companion steal out and escape. Two hours later, a chain of sentinels surrounds the town. A party proceeds to the ball-room, killing all they come to, and fires the buildings, many of them filled with dry fodder. Out rush the Mexicans and the sentinels shoot them down to the number of eighteen. A fine on the company of $1000 settles with Uncle Sam for this piece of summary vengeance, and the conquered race learns a lasting lesson. Sparks of the old fire are often knocked from the rough points of contact with the Americanos, but they well know that our superiority is not assumed, but a fact.

In the ball-room there are some fine looking women, but they are generally ignorant and sensual. Virtue is comparatively unknown among them. The relations of the sexes are invested with none of that nobleness and tenderness that gives value and beauty to the sentiment. A Mexican woman is like her country; hard, practical, dark and untutored. No associations of the poetical kind can ever attach to either. *It* is no garden, *she* is no goddess; a desert—a female. All things have their use, and the Pike's Peakers used the fandango to the best advantage, and were doubtless pleased and satisfied.

August Twentieth.

Winding through a continuous garden our sandy road at length reached Alameda, an Indian Pueblo, eighteen miles above Albuquerque. We camped in a pear orchard. The trees are a perfect forest; large, but so thick that they bear but little.

After dinner, proceeded six miles to Bernalili. It is a spreading place, abounding in splendid villas enclosed by beautiful fields and thick orchards, reminding one, amid the quiet and freshness of the country, of the grandeur and exclusiveness maintained by the haughty Castilian of the olden time.

In the evening, a screaming guitar, accompanied by a tolerable voice, betrayed the location of the performer, under the walls of a neighboring estate. Here was a [illegible] The old stories of love-lorn swains serenading high-born damsels, beneath the windows of inaccessible castles to be burlesqued in this style. It was too much! Holy Saints defend the associations of romance from such profanation and our ears from such another specimen of the "voices of the night." Whether it comes from a one-stringed cornstalk fiddle, violin or guitar, Mexican music is all the same, screeching, mechanical, see-sawing, without feeling in composition or execution. Singing *is mismo.*

AUGUST TWENTY-FIRST.

Six miles to Algodones. The town has a bare unsightly aspect. There is no timber on the river and the usual orchards are not to be seen.

Five miles further on, opposite the Pueblo of San Felipe, the road to Santa Fe leaves the river, which seems lost among the encroaching bluffs above. The Great River of the North is not so great after all, or, if it is great it is not pretty nor romantic. Neither it nor the country through which it runs, nor the Navajos, Mexicanos, Apaches or Tehannas on its banks, are ever associated with ideas of beauty or pleasure. Low, and full of bars most of the year; at certain seasons it overflows the entire valley, frequently burying fine soils with sand, and always retarding the operations of agriculture in the Spring. Still, its valley supports a large population, besides paying heavy tribute to the Navajos. It is one of the few streams you may live and travel on a long time and leave without regret. It flows into the Gulf of Mexico, under the shadow of the equator, is 1800 miles long, though navigable but a short distance from its mouth.

A smart drive of thirty miles, on a smooth, hard road, the first of the kind on the trip, brought us to Pino's Rancho, and fifteen more carried us to Santa Fe. Country rolling, with a little small scattering timber. From Pino's, smooth and uniformly descending towards town.

Santa Fe, the Capital of New Mexico, is situated on a small creek of the same name, near the south-western base of a spur of the Sierra Madre. It occupies an area of perhaps ten acres and is almost surrounded by bluffs. There are one brick and about four two-story buildings; the balance are adobe structures, squat, dingy and poverty stricken. *Burros* may be seen packing corn, flour, wood, hay, etc., through the streets at all hours. At the Fonda, one can board for three dollars per day, or sixty per month.

A Catholic Bishop resides here, and his church, which is perhaps 25×100 feet in the clear, has three or four of the finest sounding bells in the world. As they were peeling to call in the devotees of religion, "a thousand years" shook "their cloudy wings around me." I stood spell-bound by their influence, while the awful power of the Catholic Church in the dark ages, the overwhelming influence of the clergy obtained by keeping the masses in ignorance and practising on their feelings through the confessional, the unswerving devotion of the priestly orders to her advancement and glory, weighed against which the rights of whole nations were as a feather; Cortez, with his iron band, conquering this ancient and extensive empire, Holy Fathers binding his yoke on the people's necks, and the bands of Mother Church on their souls, mingled with visions of my native hills, where man is man and thought is free as the wind; all that is grand in history or beautiful in song was conjured from the past, and thrilled through and through me, raising the hair from my head and the water from my heart. "A dying glory smiles o'er the far times" when Rome was Rome and ruled the world.

> "She who veiled
> Earth with her haughty shadow, and displayed,
> Till the o'ercanopied horizon failed,
> Her rushing wings; oh! she who was Almighty hailed!"

The substance is departed, the shadow remains. I entered the church. As the congregation poured in they uncovered and silently seated themselves on the floor, *muheres* on one side *ombres* on the other, and if they were not deeply impressed with the mummery enacted before them they still preserved a respectful attention. There were nearly 800, all natives but a few soldiers. They presented every variety of feature and shade of color. They have no decided cast of countenance. Small heads, black eyes and hair, narrow, receding foreheads, noses and chins Circassian on the whole but very irregular. Their physiognomy is a good index of their character, which is vacant and insipid—destitute of the heroic virtues. The ceremonies were such as are usual in the Catholic church. The chanting was accompanied by music and was pleasant, until drawn out beyond the limits of human patience. The sermon was somewhat lengthy, delivered in Spanish, and I could not but remark the disagreeable sissing attending the speaking of the language arising from the formation of the plural by s or es, in nouns, pronouns and adjectives. Service over, we went to a horse-race. Distance 400 yards; stakes fifty dollars. Gray won, and his owner raked down the money.

Where Santa Fe Creek issues from the mountains the buildings commence, and within a mile you come to the business portion of the town. This is on the north side of the creek and extends to the hills, which rise abruptly and are cut by deep *aroyos* running down to the creek. On the brow of the highest of these hills is an old field work, called Fort Marcy. It is now used as a cemetery.

On the dilapidated parapet of Fort Marcy I sit, this Sunday evening, with a cool breeze fanning my brow, attempting to give a pen picture of Santa Fe, widely known but little understood. Oh that I was master of the mysteries of perspective! Such a bird's eye view as I could give from this point. Uncle Sam's bunting majestically flouts the breeze and his Provost Marshal is for once teaching the city some respect for authority. The Government buildings and corrals are in the northern edge of town. The plaza is twelve or fifteen rods square, and a street running either way from each corner about the same distance, measures the business portion of the town, which is closely built, city fashion, presenting a dirty, miserable appearance. Traders, sports and those connected with the Government, are the only white people residing here. There are four churches; three Catholic, one Baptist. There are gardens and cornfields in the heart of the city, while above and below every available foot of ground not occupied by a house is burdened with corn or wheat. Crops look slim from want of water. The creek looses itself in the plateau stretching south to the mountains. Away to the west, beyond the Grande River, fifteen miles distant, a heavy range heaves its blue mism to the sky. Through Santa Fe be two or three centuries old, and claims the bloody Cortez, or one of his monkish followers, for its founder, there is nothing venerable, noble, or even antique in the location, size or material of the town. Its business is mostly carried on by hard-fisted, money-loving Jews, and the balance of the population can scarcely interest an American after six month's residence in their country.

AUGUST TWENTY-SIXTH.

Major Fillmore, having paid thirty-two companies while his colleague, Martin, was paying two, finished his business here yesterday, and we started for Union about 9 A. M.

Entered the mountains ten miles from town, and in ten more traversed the, to us, classical ground of Apache Canon. Oporto wine, one quart; native wine, *tambien*, red "rot" *lo mismo*—mix. Net result, patriotism. A literal transcript of our conversation as we passed the scene of our former struggle with the Texans would be amusing, but I cannot give it. We were hilarious and brave, but withal perfectly harmless. Personal incidents, recalled by the sight of a tree, or ledge, or fence, or bend in the road, were related, but as there were never less than four talking at once, and that at the top of their voices, there was not much information to be gleaned from the crowd. This much was patent, however, to the most careless observer—while the above mentioned preparation coursed through our veins, there was no limit to our courage and devotion to the old flag. Surely, wine is not a mocker.

At Pigeon's they wanted us to go after the Indians, who who had just stolen a mule from the front of the house. A portion of us scoured the woods an hour, but seeing no sign, left the "peculiar institution" of Mexico to their own manipulation. By experience, we know the sensitiveness of "peculiar institutions." How Uncle Sam and the Mexicans, and the Indians will finally make it, is perhaps as deep in the mysteries of the future as the result of a certain other struggle that some of us know of.

In two and a half days we were in Union, 110 miles. Fillmore never allows the grass to grow under him. We reported to Major Wallen, Post Commandant, and were temporarily attached to I Company, Second Cavalry.

Lieut. McDonald is here, under arrest for whipping Capt. Lord. Lord is—no better than he should be. His abuse of the volunteers has been fierce and unstinted. He was wont to indulge in the harmless exercise whenever occasion offered. Voiding some of his venom before Mac, he got caught up, and soundly thrashed. Nor could three or four of his brother officers prevent it. Mac challenged the whole crew from Major Wallen down, altogether or one after the other, but they did not like his style, and he is now awaiting trial for striking a superior officer. He has a pocket full of Lord's whiskers torn out in the scuffle. They are interesting as being the relics of a man who hid in the tall grass at Val Verde.

CHAPTER XVII.

Indian Hunt. Lieut. Russell. Red River. Discussion. Waiting for Indians to bite. Shower on the Virmejo. Return. Lieut. Nelson resigns and leaves.

I promised, a while back, to give a specimen of Regular Indian hunting, which I now proceed to do. On the 30th inst., the company received orders to be ready in two hours with ten day's rations for a scout. Twenty thousand missing sheep, eight dead and several wounded Mexican shepherds were said to mark the lightning track of a party of Apaches lately in the vicinity. Lieut. Russell, a young good-looking fellow, though more like a counter-hopper than a soldier, was in command of the company.

We started, towards night, in such disorder as would have disgusted any volunteer officer, thirty-five men and seven pack animals. Russell neglected or forgot to report for orders, and four miles out, a messenger overtook us who reminded him of it, and he went back for that purpose. We waited till he returned, and then continued on to Moro Creek where we halted for the night.

AUGUST THIRTY-FIRST.

Stirring with the break of day—mules packed and started by sunrise. Russell was apparently unable to obtain a guide or any reliable information. We marched and countermarched, up and down, here and there. Finally, headed down the creek, and after making three miles, halted to get breakfast, while our chief continued his pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

The country around Fort Union is pretty—by far the nicest in the Territory. The streams have formed deep narrow canons, the borders of which are rocky and timbered. The prairie is swelling, smooth, and covered with excellent grass. Small mountains and wooded points give variety, and it only wants seasonable rains to vie with any place in the world for beauty and salubrity.

Mr. Watrous and other gentlemen, have extensive farms near the crossing of the Moro, which is due south, and eight miles from the Post.

Started about 11 o'clock for Johnson's Ranche six miles below. Procured a guide, and struck across the country to the southeast. We expect to get on the Indian's trail tomorrow noon. Ran across some stray Mexicans, who said the Indians were thirty miles from them, and numbered 174. Camped at sundown, having made about twenty-five miles.

SEPTEMBER FIRST.

Followed down the creek two miles, then, struck out on the high land; our course to Red River being due east. As soon as we rose the divide, covered with black-jack, pinon and other species of pine, a perfect wilderness of mountains, rocky and timbered with evergreens, appeared to the south and east. Ten miles from camp, the trail descended from the *mesa*, a thousand feet, on to a tributary of Red River, now but five miles distant. Descending rapidly, we struck the river just below an outlandish Mexican town; whose inhabitants fled, like any other cattle, and hid in the corn. We halted and took dinner.

Russell had bought a rooster that looked old and gangling enough to have been at the Deluge and waded through. He tied the venerable bird by the legs, hung him in a tree, and with a bow and arrow attempted his sacred life. But his boyish skill had departed. The arrow sped everywhere but where it ought, and becoming discouraged, he put the ancient relic on the ground, and standing astride him, shot him to death. Oh! Uncle Samuel! Why do you commission such *things* to guard your honor and safety?

At the town above, christened Sandias, the soldiers went down for all that was in sight. The writer gobbled two very fair Mexican blankets, which drew any quantity of virtuous indignation on his defenseless head. He was a disgrace to the Volunteers, etc. Having been able to gobble but about one dollar where they had relieved him of two, he did not take these well-meant censures deeply to heart. A man that won't steal has no business in New Mexico. He must make one hand wash the other or *vamonos.*

While lying in the shade, after dinner, gorging melons and cat-fish, some one remarked that this was the river, a mistake by the way, on which the famous or infamous Legree was located, only slightly lower down. A conversation ensued on the merits of *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* A curious place, I thought, and curious crowd for such a discussion and listened with interest.

The company to which we are attached, I. of the 2d. Dragoons, is the one of which the renegade Sibley was for a long time Captain—the one in which our Lieut. Nelson and three or four of our men served a term of enlistment—one of the very best in the Service—one that contains several members of from twelve to twenty-three years standing—one that can tell of daring and bloody exploits on the classic fields of old Mexico—of charges where one fourth of the company went under, but which never faltered nor failed in the attainment of their object—in short, there is an air of the "Old Guard" about it, that entitles it to respect whether its opinions are strictly orthodox or not.

They are distrusted to a certain extent, and have not been permitted to face the Texans in the late invasion. I could gather nothing from their talk, on this or other occasions that militated in the slightest degree against the Government.

Some thought that if a few of the leading Secessionists and Abolitionists could be hung together, the country would get on better—likely, and if there were no halters, thieves would get on better, *tambien.* But this, though a superficial view of the case—though it entirely overlooks the great principles underlying the struggle, and which impel men who think and feel to act, whether they will or no, is the one generally entertained by the troops and people of this country. Abolitionism expresses to the popular mind, nothing but baseness, corruption and injustice. While the most of men consider it a stigma of the deepest dye to be called, "Abolitionist," a few accept it as an honourable appellation, and care little what others think about it.

Blind, fanatical devotion to an idea, is not a characteristic of the practical American mind. The impulse that moves them in the present crisis, does not, as a general thing, spring from so high a source as the unselfish love of *Liberty for all*, but every true patriot will rejoice that the destruction of chattel slavery in the United States, is an inseperable adjunct of the present upheaval of society. When this foul stain is erased from our escutcheon, we can plume ourselves on being the light of the world, the "Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave."

Our little party contained representatives of every shade of the idea, from the opposer of slavery on principle, to the tolerator of slavery on the ground of expediency, and the worshiper of slavery from long association and habit.

As a general thing, conversation among regular soldiers is a dogmatic assertion of the blindest and fiercest prejudices, plentifully interlarded with profanity and vulgarity; but the present party, as before stated, is composed of rather superior men, mostly Americans, with whom a discussion is possible.

We finally concluded, that because slavery is aggressive, if not because it is wrong, we must necessarily war against it; with which conclusion, though not entirely coinciding in it, I take leave of the subject.

The river is fifteen yards wide, creamy from its talc bed, very crooked, with no bottom, and steep tall mountains on each side. Cottonwood, willow, box-elder, china, some blackjack and cactus, with lots of soap-weed, form the vegetation of this charming valley. Two big dams would make it a second vale of Rasselas, "in a horn." The calculation is to start early, ascend the mesa on the opposite side, and surprise the Indian Camp, which the Mexicans say is only ten or twelve miles hence.

SEPTEMBER SECOND.

Started at midnight, toiled up the steep rocky ascent, and marched about eighteen miles, a good part of the way on the gallop, along the southern base of a mountain, and found the water-hole where the Indians were—not encamped. There was not the slightest sign of stock or Indians to be seen. We coutd not get any for breakfast, so we killed a yearling heifer running around with its dam and two sires, eat it up clean, and rolled into the shade. As the Indians had not passed, and according to the veracious Greasers, they must come this way, we concluded to wait for them.

SEPTEMBER THIRD.

Killed the old cow and sent out pickets to watch the Indians. Waited for them to bite. As if, with all outdoors before them, they would be foolish enough to run right on to us.

SEPTEMBER FOURTH.

Started about 7 o'clock A. M., climbed the *mesa* on the east of the valley where we had been lying, took a circular course from east to north, and finally to west, around the heads of sundry canons and back, in about twenty-six miles, to Red River. Struck the trail of the sheep-thieves as soon as we ascended the *mesa* in the morning. Trouble—we were seven days to late, and were following it the wrong way.

Our present camp seems to be one field, at least of the thieves' operation. Dead sheep, kegs, kettles, cups, etc., indicate that the shepherds left in a hurry. There is not much grass, but a perfect forest of plums, in full bearing and dead ripe.

SEPTEMBER FIFTH.

Made about fifteen miles, and camped on a stream called Virmejo, just running, fed by a large spring at the head of the canon, which is lined by perpendicular walls of rock, twenty to thirty feet high. It seems hardly possible that water could cut such a channel. We were to witness its mode of operation. A shower came up about 10 P. M., and with the commencement of the rain a river broke loose. Our camp was in the canon, here five or six rods wide, covered with nice turf. Horses were picketed just below us.

Having heard of rain before, I thought I would stick to the bed; but my comrade, wiser in his generation than I, first rose to his knees, then to his feet, with the blankets on his back like the egg-shell on a new chicken, and toted himself off. A stream of water at least a foot deep broke suddenly over me, and snatching the balance of my bed, my gun and saddle, I made for dry land like a quarter horse. In five minutes the camp was hustled out on the bank and the water was coming down like a mill-tail, five or six rods wide and five or six feet deep. This ceases to be strange when the fact is known, that this canon is the centre spout of a basin nearly twenty miles in diameter. Next day we crossed heavy streams flowing into it ten miles from camp.

We also had the pleasure of seeing the flock of sheep that we had been after, quietly grazing on the hills. Their owner told us that the Indians tried to drive them off, but were foiled. We were now ten miles east of the Post. But it would not do to go in till the allotted time was up. We struck off to the south, and at night were twelve miles from the Post. Oh, what Indian hunting!!

SEPTEMBER SEVENTH.

Went into Union and found our company quartered in tents, east of the fortification. They arrived from Craig on the 4th inst.

Nelson has resigned, and leaves immediately for the north. George Nelson was a good officer, an excellent drill-master, and a thorough disciplinarian, cool and collected in action. He has taken but little interest in the company since entangled in matrimony by one of the fair, and Mrs. Nelson has finally, it seems, charmed him away from an honorable station in the army that he was well qualified to fill.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Abo Pass. Ruins. Navajos. Regiment transformed into Cavalry. Arrival of General Carlton at Santa Fe. Summing up. Condition of New Mexico. Volunteers versus Regulars. Pike's Peakers on Subsistence. Concentration of the Regiment at Colorado City to be mounted. Arrival at Denver. Reception by the Citizens. Conclusion.

It now remains to give a sketch of the route taken by the company coming up. With A and G they left Camp Kershow, below Fort Craig, on the 16th of August; forded the river with some difficulty and proceeded as far as Val Verde. Owing to the heavy sand and unusual heat of the day, the train did not make even this short distance till late in the night.

Next day they came to a live farm, with fruit and vegetables in profusion. "Evening wolves" may be ravenous, but they "ain't no whar" side of the Pike's Peakers, untethered from their sand-hill and led to smiling pastures green, where goats' milk and *chile colorado* were plenteous as frogs in Spring. Col. Tappan bought two acres of corn and turned them in. They cleared the ground. What the men left the horses licked up. Soldiers are the most merciless birds of passage extant. Like geese, they eat all before and kill all behind.

In due time the command arrived at Joyita, where we experienced the simoom last Spring. Their route now left the river, and striking east through a pass in the Sierra Blanquo, touched the Pecos not very far below the Ojo de Vernal. It is perhaps 150 miles across this region, which appears from extensive ruins in different localities, and from other unmistakable indications, to have once supported a dense population. Why it is now a desert, the peaceful home of the wolf and antelope, is an interesting inquiry which I leave for others to pursue. The immediate cause is obvious—want of seasonable rains and unfailing streams. The natural laws in operation behind this are hidden from view.

The detachment left La Joya Ceboleta at 5 o'clock P.M., and morning brought them to the ruins of Abo. A Mexican town is a "solemncholy" object at best, but an adobe ruin is the "sere and yellow leaf" of desolation.

The carcass of the dead town covers some twenty acres. Heaps of stone, twelve feet deep, and extending one hundred yards either way; blocks of crumbling adobes sixty feet square, and piles of rubbish vicing with Victor Hugo's barricade in variety of material, constitute the remains of this whilome human ant-hill.

The walls of a huge, not to say hideous church are almost intact. The ground plan is irregular, though evidently intended to imitate a cross, and is, on an average, fifty by two hundred feet, well proportioned as to height. The walls are castellated, the corners bastioned, the roof and chancel only marked by charred ends of timbers. The material is stone, the workmanship rough, and the appearance, surrounded by immense debris, desolate beyond conception. Below, in the bank of what was once a creek, and might be again on occasion, is a considerable area of flat sandstone, on which maps are delineated, showing the principal streams and towns of the country with such fidelity as leaves no doubt of their meaning. Figures of various kinds, filled with half-obliterated hieroglyphics are imprinted in the rock with some sharp-pointed instrument. The Abo ruins present much to interest the antiquarian. They are a specimen of many others in New Mexico.

These hieroglyphics and other marks resembling words and letters, have given rise to much speculation. It is said that there are many proofs going to show that the Navajo Indians are the descendants of a party of Welsh families who were cast away upon the Texan coast and who have lived nomadic lives ever since, and whose journey may be traced by the marks in the rocks. Persons who speak the Welsh language find no difficulty in understanding them and being understood by them. Certain it is that the Navajo tribe differs in the most important respects from any other of the wild tribes of America. They have considerable knowlege of mechanics, make most excellent and valuable woolen goods, and live entirely distinct from their neighbors. Their language and these marks upon the rocks, all of which are similar to the Welsh language, give some idea that they are of Welsh descent, a curious and interesting inquiry which I have not space to follow further.

A short day's journey carried the command to an old Pueblo, containing a few wretched inhabitants who burrow in a dilapidated church, similar to the one described above. It is situated near the edge of the Abo Valley, fifty miles across, embosomed in the Sierra Blanquo. Spurs surround it on all sides but the south.

Hitherto, the route has wound through a hilly if not mountainous section, timbered with white cedar and pinon pine. Now it changes on a plain, level as a summer sea, without a bush, or rock, or weed within the bounds of vision. The soil of this valley, as it is called, looks good, but there is no water, and "that's what's the matter." The men thought so before they got over it, having to scatter out for miles in search of it, and when found it was generally brackish, covered with lice and green slime, unfit to cumber the ground.

It was not till they had passed this Jornada del Muerte, traveling doggedly, night and day, and hauling their water, that they came to a *laguna*, by which they lay and quaffed, and quaffed again, like Winthrop's Maj. Skerrett, drinking an October morning. Hear him. "I have seen the lands of many men and drained their taps, but never in the battle or out of the battle tasted I such divine stuff as this. O lilies and roses, what a bouquet! O peaches and pippins, what a flavor! O hickory nuts and chinkapins, what an aroma. More, Hebe, more! Let me swig!—forgive the word! But one *drinks* pints; and I want gallons, puncheons."

The precise location of the Great American Desert is uncertain, but when I make a map it must embrace the Jornadas and Staked Plains of New Mexico and Texas. The gods preserve all ye whom destiny compels to traverse them. May visions at least of the "Old Oaken Bucket that hangs in the well," *not* visit and plague you with torments of hell.

Leaving this pond, they soon entered the Blanquo Pass. It is twenty-two miles through the Sierra, always descending; and said to open out gradually on to the most beautiful scenery. As I have told all I know and more too about pretty landscapes, I will leave this solitary one to the imagination of my readers. When one's emotions have to be translated into thoughts and portrayed in words, there is not so much variety in them but that they will eventually become stale on the market. If I have not surfeited every one with description it is not my fault.

They finally emerged from the Pass and found themselves in a rolling section, literally alive with goats, sheep and cattle. Another day's journey and they crossed the Pecos, twenty yards wide, very shallow, with no valley worthy the name. Taking up through the broken country back of Los Vegas, they came into the Santa Fe road at Tecolote and arrived at Union on the 4th of September. F stopped, A and G continued on to Fort Lyon.

C and E started up the river in July, passed by Fort Union, crossed the Raton Mountains and camped for a time on the Purgatoire, where they made some efforts to smoke out the guerilla Madison, which were unsuccessful. Leaving the Purgatoire, they proceeded to Cimarron crossing to preserve order among the Indians assembled to receive their annuities. Running short of grub, they finally marched to Fort Larned.

About this time, news of the following Special Order began to arrive in the benighted region south of Colorado:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE MISSOURI,
ST. LOUIS, Mo., November 1st, 1862.

SPECIAL ORDER No. 36.

EXTRACT.

IV. Pursuant to orders from the Secretary of War and the election of Gov. Evans, of Colorado Territory, the 1st Regiment Colorado Volunteers, commanded by Col. Chivington, will be converted into a Cavalry Regiment, to be denominated the 1st Cavalry of Colorado.

The Quartermaster and Ordnance Departments will furnish and charge equipments to suit the change of arm. When carbines are obtained, the regiment will turn over the muskets to the 3d Regiment Colorado Volunteers, now being mustered at Denver, and muskets now *en route* for the regiment will be returned to the Arsenal at this place. The regiment will rendezvous in Colorado Territory, Headquarters at Denver.

By command of Major General Curtis.

N. P. CHIPMAN,
Colonel and Chief of Staff.

Stages east and south conveyed the grateful intelligence to Larned and Union. In consequence, the companies at Larned received instructions to report at Colorado City, to witness the demise of the 1st Colorado Volunteers, and the creation of the 1st Cavalry of Colorado.

Col. Clark of the 9th Kansas, in command at Larned, refusing to recognize the order, Col. Tappan went to Leavenworth and got it confirmed by Gen. Blunt.

They left Larned Dec. 13th, and arrived at Colorado City, 400 miles, about New Years.

D and G had also been ordered to Larned in the latter part of September. They tramped back over that weary interval in mid winter, destitute of fuel and with little transportation. Such service does not look big in print, but it requires more patriotic self-denial than almost any other. Their horses met them on the Arkansas, and were issued to the men on the 1st of January—a handsome New Year's present.

H, K and B came up the Rio Grande to Santa Fe; thence the two former continued on to Fort Garland, remained there a short time and marched to Colorado City. B repaired to Fort Union.

D and I were the last to leave the lower country. They also came up the Grande Valley, halted at Union a day or two, and proceeded to Fort Lyon, whence D and G as before stated, were ordered to Fort Larned.

F was assigned to garrison duty at Union, in which we were joined by B about the middle of September. Here we were put through the mysteries of "meum and teum," by Lieut. Hollister, of illustrious memory. His assertion of West Point dignity was extremely offensive, and his efforts to enforce strict army discipline not very successful.

The small Mexican town called Lome, of which mention has been made before, became the rage. Fandangos, Lome lightning, and *Pecadoras* were the attractions, and rows of considerable magnitude were of nightly occurrence. The guard-house was filled with Lome cadets, and the hospital with Lome patients. The hole was an unmitigated curse to the soldiers, but was most generously patronized nevertheless.

While here, a detail of the whilom Rocky Mountain Rangers, (now Company M, 1st Colorado Cavalry), came in from Fort Lyon on escort. They, with Capt. Backus' company, (now L), arrived here in the Spring and have been constantly on the *go* ever since; guarding trains on the upper Arkansas, scouting after Indians and escorting. Though they have never had the pleasure of meeting foemen worthy of their steel, their cup of the hard, thankless, inglorious service characterized above, has been full to the brim.

The *First* has reason to be proud of the addition of these two companies to the regiment; for it may be said, without the slightest approach to flattery, that a nobler, truer set of men do not muster under the Stars and Stripes. During the first portion of our southern campaign we were often electrified by their rumored march to our assistance. But they never came further than Union. Now, it is hoped we shall be no more separated.

Gen. Carlton, of the California Volunteers, arrived at Santa Fe and relieved Gen. Canby on the 18th of October. Canby soon left for the States with two companies of the 10th U. S. Infantry, three of the 3d, and two of the 2d Cavalry.

About this time a friend of the late Lieut. William F. Marshall, applied to Capt. Plympton for facilities for the removal of Marshall's remains to his friends in Leavenworth. A detail proceeded to the battle-ground, exhumed the corpse, from which the fluids had all escaped, leaving it but slightly offensive, enclosed them in an air-tight box and gave them in charge of his friend.

Artillery had been arriving from the States all Summer, and they now had at Union a park consisting of over thirty pieces, of various kinds and calibre.

Soon after taking command, Gen. Carlton issued orders for the establishment of a new Post on the Pecos, a short distance above Fort Stanton, and perhaps one hundred miles south-east of Santa Fe. The object sought is the opening of that section to settlement, by guaranteeing protection from the marauding Indians who now infest it to the exclusion of all squatters, black or white.

Companies B, F, and L were assigned to that locality immediately, and preparations for the launching of the expedition were in an advanced state when a favorable breeze from the north brought the welcome intelligence of Chivington's success at Washington, and the cheering news that we were ordered to concentrate at Fort Scott, Kansas, to be mounted.

On the 13th of November B and F Companies bid a final adieu to Fort Union, and turned their faces northward. A heavy storm occurred as they were crossing the Raton, but they made the Arkansas and in due time arrived at Colorado City instead of Fort Scott.

When on the Purgatoire one of the boys, named Cook, killed a man. He had little provocation, in fact none. The act was laid to the Lome "rot," in which he had soaked himself for the last few weeks. He was ironed and conveyed to Fort Lyon for trial; whence he soon escaped, gobbled on to a pony, and went back to Mexico. Another item in the whisky indictment. The company made up a purse of $400 for the bereaved family.

Company L, Capt. Backus, had gone down the Pecos soon after their return from the Comanche country in October. Observing a wagon track that seemed to avoid their camp, their suspicions were aroused, and Lieut. Shoup, with six men, followed it down the river two hundred miles, and overtook two wagons and eighteen men going into Texas. They corraled this outfit and brought it back.

From information obtained from the Indians, they were led to believe that a force of Texans was advancing on New Mexico by this route. It created quite a scare for a time. An express came from Santa Fe to detain us if we had not started, but it was one day too late. They commenced enlarging the fortifications, making new abattis, and otherwise strengthening the works.

A company of the 1st Cavalry left Union to relieve Company L, and they returned to the Post about the last of the year.

Dodd's and Ford's companies having ruffled Major Wallen's feathers in some way were sent away from Santa Fe for spite and arrived at Union in December.

These two companies, A and B of the Second, are by right entitled to more than a passing notice; but the intention and scope of this work limit me to a few facts concerning them, gleaned from common report, in the field of their action and service.

Enlisted in the southern mines of Colorado, they are men of superior *physique*; hardy, iron bound fellows, neither to be scared at being snowed in and reduced to every extremity while crossing the mountains on their way south from Garland, marching on foot through the blinding sands of the Rio Grande from Santa Fe to Fort Craig, at the rate of thirty miles per day, or at withstanding, alone and unsupported, the furious charge of the Texan Rangers.

In this connection the following extract from a letter showing the estimation in which these men are held among the Regulars with whom they associated will perhaps be interesting. It was written by some officer (whom we half guess to be Capt. Plympton of the 7th U. S. Infantry) at Fort Union to the Denver *News*. By the kindness of Mr. Byers the gentlemanly Editor of that Paper I am permitted to use it.

"The battalion of 2d Colorado Volunteers under Capt. Hall left this Post to day for Fort Lyon. This battalion has borne the "heat and labor of the day," having served faithfully and devotedly in the most trying and difficult period of our troubles.

When sorely menaced by armed rebels, when treason, cowardice, and imbecility prevailed to an alarming extent in this Territory, and the truly loyal turned their eyes northward for succor, these brave men marched to our relief and inspired us with fresh hopes and confidence. At the battle of Val Verde, the company, then commanded by Capt. now Lieut. Col. Dodd, and at present by Capt. Hall, won unfading laurels, and their noble deeds will ever live in the page of history, and shall long be remembered by the Rebels themselves. Again at Apache Canon, the Rebels, under the celebrated Col. Scurry, were cut to pieces, demoralized and utterly routed by the Colorado troops, who, after joining Canby, pushed the entire force of Sibley down the Rio Grande, day by day, until he abandoned his line of retreat in terror and fled through the mountains, leaving behind all his transportation and his plunder."

They have proved themselves men of the first water in every trial to which they have been subjected, and their trials have neither been few nor unvaried. Well behaved, of splendid appearance, the story of their heroism in everybody's mouth, they were the especial favorites of Gen. Canby who could never bear to have them out of his sight.

Not till a squad of officers arrived from the States who knew not the stuff of which the Colorados are made, did they ever have any difficulty with their officers. Major Wallen, Post Commandant at Santa Fe, put them on ten hours' fatigue every day and kept back the usual allowance of fatigue whisky. As a token of their esteem they marched to his quarters one day and gave him three groans. For this unpardonable offense, they were directed to go to Fort Union, and report at the guard-house. The order was obeyed to the letter, but as no one at the Fort Union guard-house had any particular business with them, they camped in the bottom and made themselves at home; and there I will leave them.

At the risk of being prolix I must give Mexico a few parting touches. First I will premise, that if I had had the slightest idea at the time, of giving these notes to the public, I could have made them vastly more interesting and useful. Of a retiring disposition, I mingled as little as possible with the uncouth unlettered people of the country, and never stepped outside of my tent to pick up information concerning them.

Born a Whig, and nurtured among the worshipers of Clay and Webster, personal observation has only strengthened the old conviction that the extension of our authority over the mongrel race on our southern borders is attended by no benefits, but on the contrary, followed by many evils. "Manifest Destiny" may force us to swallow contiguous countries, at both ends, till no other Power is known on the continent, but plucking the apple before it is ripe, only blocks our onward course with gigantic impediments. Our present difficulties might have been long deferred, if not altogether avoided, had we severely let alone the various fragments of Mexico, including Texas, now incorporated in our domains.

What has New Mexico ever been but an expense? Two million dollars will no more than cover the annual disbursements of Government in the Territory. And for whose benefit is this grand outlay of cash? A dime was as big to a Greaser ten years ago, as a dollar is now. Men that were used to work for their keeping, now demand twenty and twenty-five dollars per month. A few whites speculate and grow rich on fat Government contracts, but they seldom come away with their money. Dissipation is fashionable, and the fruits of a long and strict attention to business are often squandered and debts incurred in a week.

Owing to the spare capabilities of the country, Government is obliged to give enormous prices for forage. Hay is contracted in large quantities, at forty-five dollars per ton. Corn-fodder, wheat-straw and oats, bring from a cent and a quarter to two cents per pound. At Fort Craig, hands were constantly gathering, with a nigger hoe, a species of grass precisely like a last year's sage-stump. It was used for fodder, and was worth forty dollars per ton. Corn usually brings from four to five cents; wheat from five to seven. These figures render comment on the agricultural resources of the country superfluous. A small business is done in the way of wool-growing, though from the inferiority of their sheep and the insecure tenure by which they are held, (the pleasure or convenience of the Indians,) its production is confined to the most Lilliputian proportions. It sells for five cents, and is bought by the fleece or pound indiscriminately.

The physical conformation of New Mexico is an alternation of mountains, sand-hills, and arid wastes; the whole poorly supplied with running water, and owing to the almost total absence of rain, but scantily clothed with vegetation.

The Rio Grande flows through it in a southerly direction, furnishing water for the use of a large population. The Sierra Madre divides above Santa Fe, one spur called Nacimiento, taking down the west side—the other called Blanquo, continuing down the east and forming a water-shed between the Grande and Pecos. The latter stream heads in the heart of the Territory and pursuing a course perhaps 150 miles east of and parallel with the Grande, intersects it five or six hundred miles below. Its affluents are thickly populated, but further down, the hostility of the Jicarilla Apaches prevents settlement.

Between these rivers there is much open country of average grazing capacity, if it were not for the lack of water. Great scopes of it are broken and mountainous, timbered with scrubby cedar and scrubbier pine. In portions of it, they farm to some extent without irrigation, though the chances of failure or success are about equal. West of the Grande, is the country of the *Navajos* which our soldiers have learned, by bitter experience, to detest. Scarcity of water is its great and irreparable drawback. Its contour is much the same as that already described. Suffice it, that even were it not infested with hostile Indians, it can never become the theater of a rich and teeming population—never become endurable to our race, while there is still room in hell.

The mineral resources of the country are undoubtedly considerable. Gold, silver, iron and coal, exist, but the paying mines known and worked at present, do not entitle Mexico to rank as a mining District, with Arizona or Colorado. The same mountains diversify the surface of the whole section, and doubtless time will demonstrate that the same metals abound in them all; but a new hand must take hold of the bellows before the harvest of gold, silver, or copper, in Mexico, will be astonishing.

The Natives, a cross between the Spaniard and Indian, though the latter greatly predominates, make but little exertion beyond what is absolutely necessary to sustain life. A substance called *tortilla* made by kneading wet corn meal between two smooth rocks and baking it in the ashes, and *chile verde* and *colorado* constitute the staff of life to most of them. Wheat bread, mutton chops, boiled eggs, and coffee are added on State occasions. At home, they eat but little. One would almost think they scrimped themselves to save work. They seem destitute of ambition or enterprise. Laziness is their most marked characteristic; join to this the sensuality inseparable from ignorance, and you have a Mexican. Gambling is a universal passion. High and low will risk their all, anywhere and at any time, on their favorite "monte."

In place of schools and a press daily disseminating knowledge, they have the *Fandango*; in which social amusement they find matter for small talk during the day, and exhileration for the night. Some one has said that the men are all thieves, and the women prostitutes; but it is rather a severe estimate. They will not steal anything beyond their reach, and I suppose some of them are capable of conjugal fidelity, though it is not considered essential by society in general. There is nothing in their social system to elevate the mind or refine the feelings. It is all of the earth — earthy.

Their government is mild, extending in reality but little beyond the local Alcalde, who is chosen from the wealthy, and better educated class and holds his office indefinitely. In their sluggish community, but little interference with the natural course of events is called for or attempted. The wealthy own the poor, in effect, though peonage is far better than negro slavery, and is, I believe, gradually passing away. As it is induced by debt, and continued by skillful nursing on the part of the creditors, of the amount due, the high wages usual since the acquirement of the country by the U. S. is rapidly undermining the evil.

The implements of agriculture, the only art, trade or profession known among them, are 5,500 years old at least. So with their habits of life; women sit on the ground and grind corn dough between rocks for hours. A vessel made of clay and shaped like a gourd, serves in the place of tubs, buckets, baskets and the hundred other like conveniences to which we are accustomed. People may be seen at all hours, packing these jars on their heads through the streets; and as they pass a jackass, ambling along under two armsfull of wheat, oats or wood, you are forced to acknowledge that one looks about as sagacious as the other.

The forms of religion, if not its substance, appear to be generally respected and observed. Doubtless the people are as well priest-ridden as the most inveterate lover of that kind of craft could wish. For myself, I never realized the utter blankness and poverty of the Mexican mind, till I climbed through a hole in the wall about twelve feet from the ground, the door was fastened, and descending, found myself inside of a church for the first time. The impressions a country smith makes on his shop door with a redhot horseshoe, rings, brands, etc. to signify the nature of his occupation to the public, are incomparably superior to the prints, paints and daubs, intended to adorn the church walls. What language can adequately express the simplicity, not to say stupidity of a people who treasure such trash in their sanctuaries! It seemed strange that grown men and women *could* be so infinitely more childish than children themselves. This was at Tecalote.

By the way there is *one* decidedly handsome Senorita in that town.

She was only a shade dark—what novelists call a rich olive complexion, with finely-chiseled features wearing a gentle expression, soft dark hair, and eyes in which shadow and sunshine were chasing each other, the most exquisite form—imagine the rest; a pretty woman is rarely met with in Mexico, notwithstanding the silly rapsodies usually indulged in by everybody when they refer to the subject.

In conclusion, I would say, that Mexico is much more a foreign country than is generally supposed. Habits of life are as different from ours as they well can be. The country is dry, rude and unfinished, and must have been designed by nature for a race but slightly removed from the brute beasts that perish. At least such a race exists upon it. Often have thoughts of old times and other climes been forced upon me with almost painful distinctness when the sight of a cloud, a star, or familiar line in the horizon revived some chain of association, linking the present with the past. In a country where everything seems permeated with materiality, the poetical charm, the spiritual, etherial influence, emanating from the more favored haunts of nature, have a peculiar and irresistible force.

One feels as a man used to the quiet and leisure of the country, getting acclimated to city life. Caught up in the mad whirl of business and amusements, always in a crowd, he has no time to think, no time to *live*; that must be put off till circumstances restore him to his old haunts, or he becomes used to the new state of affairs.

All is practical, animal. The yearning of the soul for something further, if not higher and better is resolutely smothered, thrust in the back-ground for the *nonce*, while a disagreeable sense of wasted time, of staying, not living, constantly lurks in some corner of the heart, rendering its possessor miserable in reality, though outwardly gay and joyous. Thus it is with an American in New Mexico. At least it was so with me. I was glad to leave that benighted country, and never expect to return to it, if I can avoid it.

In taking leave of Mexico, a few words in regard to the Regulars, with whom we came in contact, will perhaps be appropriate. Our intercourse was generally amicable, but the jealousy between the two corps sometimes showed itself, especially at fandangos; often resulting in a free fight and the subsidence of one or the other party. To our faces they were always friendly, and pretended the highest esteem for our soldierly qualities; among themselves there was no limit to their abuse, and the superior shine with which the Pike's Peakers captivated the Mexican women set the edge on their professional jealousy and rendered them implacable.

The Regular officers used to have a way of amusing themselves, by rallying our officers on the jayhawking proclivities of the Pike's Peakers. At one time a native appeared at the General's tent and entered complaint, that all his young pigs had unaccountably disappeared. Canby, confident that the feat was the work of the Colorados, was very liberal of his half-earnest jokes at Chivington's expense.

To satisfy his curiosity, Chivington took a stroll through camp. No pigs were to be seen in the Volunteer's quarter, but a most savory smell of roast pork emanated from various portions of the 5th Infantry camp, especially from the officer's messes.

Just as he returned to Canby's tent, gleeful with his unexpected discovery and anticipating a slight triumph, another native came up, and complained that his chickens were all missing; and added no doubt by way of consoling himself, that he saw the *soldados* catch them and wring their necks, but was to much in the minority to help himself. Indeed he had thought himself compelled, by the necessities of the case, to approve the proceedings under mental protest, by exclaiming *bueno, bueno, estar bueno.* Of course he spoke Spanish, which lingo I translate to suit myself.

"Could you tell the men if you were to see them again?"

Native thought he could, for they wore an unusual style of blouse.

"Like this?" said Canby, showing him one of a kind issued to the Colorados, but not worn by the Regulars.

"Si Senor."

"You see Colonel," said Canby, turning to Chivington, "there's some more of your handicraft. You really *must* endeavor to enforce more discipline among your men; they devour all before them, and kill all behind."

"They are pretty heavy on the kill, General, but as to devouring, I'm afraid they must yield the palm to you. This may be some of their work, but by your lief, not some *more* of it; I have traced the missing pigs."

"Have, eh? Where were they? In the camp-kettles of the Pike's Peakers, I suppose."

"Not at all! not a bit of it, General. The officers of the 5th are at this moment regaling themselves to their hearts' content on that same hog-meat."

"Oh well! it's some that was presented to them by the Volunteer officers, I suppose."

"Not by any means! there ain't a sign of it in my camp. No, no! you mustn't add insult to injury, General. Your men are undoubtedly doing well under the reputation of the Volunteers."

A team coming up at this moment, driven by Canby's "dogrobber," (private servant,) the native suddenly exhibited new signs of animation; recognizing in the teamster one of the men who stole his chickens, he gave evidence that he had every disposition but the requisite courage, to take the worth of his missing property out of the fellow's hide. While gesticulating fiercely, and trying to make Canby understand that the man before them stole his hens, a fact that the General seemed perfectly unable to comprehend, his eye wandered through the open fly into Canby's tent and caught sight of the missing chickens, minus their heads, awaiting the further manipulation of the cook. Pouncing upon them, he triumphantly dragged them to the light, and thinking, no doubt, from the blank expression of the General's countenance, that he stood a slim chance of obtaining further satisfaction, trudged of with them.

The tables were fairly turned; Canby averred he had never been called a chicken-thief before, and now that he had been caught in the very act, he was really at a loss what to say. Chivington was at no loss, however, and said enough for both of them—enough to entirely silence all flings at the Colorados for dexterity in subsisting themselves.

The fact was, the most of the pilfering seemingly inseparable from a body of troops on the march, was achieved by the Regulars and laid at the door of the Volunteers. An unusual license was allowed and taken by the Regulars, because it could be done without incurring the consequent disgrace and reprehension. They would buy, borrow, beg or steal our uniforms, and under the designation of Pike's Peakers, commit outrages at which we, hard as is our reputation, stood aghast. The Volunteers have enough to answer for without fathering the iniquities of other corps with whom they were casually associated.

It is said complaints are still going up to Washington of our marauding, desolating raid into Mexico. Apparently they have forgotten the old adage, "Speak no evil of the absent." They are certainly unmindful of the forcible if not elegant command, "Thou shalt not lie; nor bear false witness against thy neighbor." Though aware that it is considered obsolete in these days, I yet venture to commend it to the attention of our enemies in New Mexico.

The truth was, there was nothing in the poverty-stricken, God-forsaken country to steal. Their mutton was mere wool and bone, at least it seemed impossible to separate the two. It took about two and a half sheep to fill a five-gallon camp-kettle, and after boiling in muddy water two or three hours it made a mess a man would be ashamed to feed to his dog. Beeves, if possible were worse yet. Killed in the very nick of time to prevent them from dying, dry as a chip and seven times as coarse-grained as Buffalo meat, it was enough to breed the cholera among the troops that used it. We certainly considered it task enough to eat what was provided, without stealing it.

The boys did pick up a little stray stock while camped at Fort Craig, and as no one ever claimed it they kept it of course. It probably escaped from the Texans in their hasty retreat, and coming on the river to drink, fell into our hands; and who had a better right to it? And even if it were otherwise, gobbling unbranded stock is a legitimate business in New Mexico, and the best fellow gets his brand on first.

We may as well confess to using up a few chickens and young porkers, but it was under circumstances that left us no alternative. Making heavy marches, often poorly supplied by our own Commissary, with no money at all, we generally pitched into such small trash as ran into us and put it out of sight. If we had never stolen a cent's worth the complaints would have been all the same; every one knows the object of them—to obtain heavy damages from Government. If a soldier uses a small wood-pile and feeds three horses from an oat-stack, perhaps helps himself to a drink or two of whisky, the man has lost $150 worth of fencing, thirteen tons of hay, and 354 dozen of oats and his store sacked from top to bottom; and kind old Uncle Samuel is expected to disburse to the tune of $1500 or $2000 on the account.

I was in Mexico from first to last—was with the men, and one of the men; and I will swear that the Pike's Peakers left dollars where they picked up cents. I have seen the Mexicans ask and get five dollars for a quart of "rot," time and time again. The regiment's first fourteen month's wages were paid to the miserable Greasers and secessionists of that more miserable Territory, for their most miserable trash; imitations on a small scale of the productions of civilization.

Their one-horse Legislature passing a vote of thanks to Gen. Carlton for driving out the Texans, when the last Texan and the first Californian never came within a thousand miles of each other, is a fair specimen of New Mexico, and one quite as noble and *disinterested* as could be expected of them.

Between two and three thousand of the California Brigade had now got through, and they did not need the Colorados in New Mexico longer.

The First had concentrated at Colorado City soon after New Year's day, and marched through Denver as Cavalry, escorted by the Third Regiment of Colorado Volunteers and a large concourse of citizens, on the 18th of January, 1863.

A year's service had somewhat thinned their ranks, but as the hardships that undermine one constitution strengthen another, perhaps they are as efficient now as ever they were. The dead are a loss of course.

There were many noble-looking men in the group of field and line officers, distinguished citizens and Government officials, that surrounded Col. Chivington as he greeted his trusty men in a few forcible remarks, on the occasion of first meeting, after a six month's absence. The men were sincerely glad to see their Colonel, and this new proof (mounting them,) of his efforts to serve them, increased their love and respect. It is only necessary for him to lead for them to follow, and where they both go "you bet your life," there's something going to be "did."

In consequence of the transformation of the regiment from infantry to cavalry, some alterations were made. Companies C and D, of the "Second," were attached to the First as L and M, making the requisite number of twelve. I have used this designation for those companies. Capts. Downing and Anthony were promoted to Majors, and a host of minor promotions opened a golden future of distinction to the view of the ambitious and aspiring in the ranks.

Having followed them through their eventful career thus far, with a minuteness that can hardly fail to be tiresome, I will now leave them with a few remarks concerning the morale and temper of the Volunteers, as it has come under my own observation.

There is no doubt but that many enlist thoughtlessly, though the greater part do so from the purest principle. It is in furtherance of the grand idea of the age, *capital shall not own labor*, that these men have taken their lives in their hands and stepped into the ranks. Many, very many will never lay down the sword till the Government is vindicated. It is *their* Government and they feel it in their bones. Victory or death is their motto. *During the war*, be it ten, twenty, or thirty years is their term of enlistment. There is nothing windy about their patriotism. No boasting, no vaunting, but faithfully, day by day, in the universally and almost necessarily despised caste of a private soldier, do they vindicate a love and devotion to the flag, surpassing, if possible, the yearnings of maternity for its offspring.

The interest of freedom—of the race, is safe in their hands. There is no quibbling as to the expediency of this or that. Is it right and just? Does it harmonize with the still small voice in the secret soul? Does it loose the band and bid the oppressed go free? If so they are there to seal their faith with their blood. Constitutional or hereditary rights in human flesh they have no time to determine.

It is only of late that the North became a *Power.* Sampson-like she has been blinded, and betrayed; and delivered over to her enemies by political Delilahs, who sought to drown a just execration of themselves by abusing the apostles of freedom.

The humble, true men upon whom rest the pillars of her power and glory, have sworn by all they hold sacred that it shall be so no more.

There are a few in the army, very few, whose pride eclipses all other considerations that can be presented. They would see the South independent; see the North chained captive to her triumphal car; see these once happy and powerful United States become a second edition of Mexico; see themselves and everybody else d—d in hell, and then they would not consent to negro emancipation. They belong on the other side, and the sooner they go there the better.

Every man who does not, in this terrible time, consider American unity paramount to all else, fails to comprehend the question of the hour. I believe it were better for the interests of our race and nation, that the entire population of the South should perish amid the direst horrors of war, than that we should not maintain our supremacy over this soil. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor fancy painted the woes in store for America if the Rebellion succeeds.

But forgive the word. *It shall not succeed.* Two thousand have sworn the negative where one has sworn the affirmative.

The millions of freemen in the North have secured control of the nation's destiny; the great idea of the age now demands recognition and power through the mouths of

10,000 cannon. It will be heard. Though the struggle may be long and terrific, loosening in its mad whirl the very foundations of civil society, yet it will end aright. It is not "in the course of human events" for Freedom to be finally strangled by Slavery. God in heaven and in man revolts at the idea.

The noble men in our Volunteer Army will die in harness, and their mantles will be caught by myriads rushing to fill their places. They may be thwarted for a time, discouraged by treachery and incompetence in high places, but their Sun will rise, the gloom of doubt and despair will be dissipated, and they will sweep from the soil the last vestige of bondage and treason.

There will be seen the First Colorados; not many, perchance, in the body, but their souls will hasten from the battlefields of Freedom that drank their sacred blood, to witness the triumph of the cause for which they died. Many of them have no more idea of laying down their arms till Secession is destroyed, beyond the possibility of resurrection, than they have of flying. Fully appreciating their noble and heroic patriotism, though unable to stand where I would like *to*, by their side, I here most affectionately take leave of them.

The following, as will be seen, speaks for itself; as an honorable testimony from an enemy, to the meritorious service achieved by the First Colorados against a foe of world wide renown, it is deemed fit to insert it here.

It is a letter written from a Texan to his wife, and found at the Mesilla by Lieut. Risley of the California Volunteers, soon after the last paroled Texans left that place for home.

It was originally published in the *Denver News*; from its columns I extract it.

Socorro, April 30th, 1862.

My Dear Wife:—Having an opportunity to do so, I write you a letter by James Davis, who leaves here to night for home, and who will probably get there some months before

I can, for if I can get work in this country, I think I had better stay until winter at least, when I hope this war will be over. Well, here I am, with fifty-two others, on our way south, all afoot, with but three wagons that have been furnished us by our enemies to go home with. When we will get there the Lord only knows. With what a different feeling we pass through these Mexican towns now, from what we did two months ago. Then we felt like heroes, having had a fight at Fort Craig, scaring the Mexicans to flight, and driving the regular soldiers into the Fort, and getting past with our whole army and cutting off all supplies and relief to the Fort; we were marching up the country with the fixed determination of wrenching this country from the United States Government and we all thought it would soon be in our hands. But what a mistake. Having marched to within eighty miles of Fort Union, we were again met by the enemy from Fort Union, and after three battles with them, all of us who were not killed or taken prisoners were obliged to destroy everything they had, and flee to the mountains for their lives, and get out of the country, the Lord only knows how. We were among those who were taken prisoners. John White, your cousin, was kiled at the battle of Fort Craig. He fell by my side, and then I first thought of what you had told me, but it was too late. I had a finger shot off, but went on up the country with the rest.

Our company, with the Second and Third regiments, reached Santa Fe the 16th or 17th of March. In two days our regiment came up. We were to wait a short time, and then march on and take Fort Union, which we thought ours already, and then New Mexico would belong to the new government of the South, and it then would be so easy to cut off all communication from California. On the 22d, six hundred of us were ordered to march to Apache canon to stand picket. Here we were all dismounted and our horses sent to a ranche, on account of their being worn out by hard riding. One company went with the horses to guard them, and we went into camp on a ranch at the mouth of the canon. On the twenty-sixth, we got word that the enemy were coming down the canon, in the shape of two hundred Mexicans and about two hundred regulars. Out we marched with two cannon, expecting an easy victory, but what a mistake. Instead of Mexicans and regulars, they were regular demons, that iron and lead had no effect upon, in the shape of Pike's Peakers from the Denver City Gold mines, where we thought of going to about a year ago. As I said, up the canon we went for four miles, when we met the enemy coming at double quick, but the grape and shell soon stopped them, but before we could form in line of battle, their infantry were upon the hills on both sides of us, shooting us down like sheep. The order was given to retreat down the canon, which we did for about a mile. There the cannon and a company of the men stopped to check the enemy while the rest of us went on down the canon a mile further to where the road makes a short bend to the left, with high and ragged mountains on both sides. In these mountains, about one hundred and fifty men were stationed. Forty more were stationed in and about some houses on the right of the road; I, among the number. The rest were drawn up in line of battle across the road. This was no sooner done than up came the cannon with the enemy at their heels, but when they saw us ready to receive them, they stopped; but only for a short time, for in a few moments they could be seen on the mountains, jumping from rock to rock like so many sheep. They had no sooner got within shooting distance of us, than up came a company of cavalry at full charge, with swords and revolvers drawn, looking like so many flying devils. On they came to what I supposed certain destruction, but nothing like lead or iron seemed to stop them, for we were pouring it into them from every side like hail in a storm. In a moment these devils had run the gauntlet for a half mile, and were fighting hand to hand with our men in the road. The houses that I spoke of before, were seven or eight hundred yards to the right of the road, with a wide ditch between it and them. Here we felt safe, but again we were mistaken, for no sooner did they see us, than some of them turned their horses, jumped the ditch, and like demons, came charging on us. It looked as if their horses' feet never touched the ground, until they were among us.

It was a grand sight. We were shooting as fast as we could, and to see that handful of men jump the ditch, and charging on us; we expected to shoot the last one, before they reached us. But luck was against us, and after fighting hand to hand with them, and our comrades being shot and cut down every moment, we were obliged to surrender.

Now who do you suppose it was that came charging and nearly running over me, with a revolver pointed at my head, and ordered me to lay down my arms and consider myself a prisoner—which I did—for I knew the next moment would be my last if I did not? It was George Lowe, brother-in-law of Mr. Whitney, that keeps store in Portage, Wisconsin. You know him well. I knew him as soon as I saw him, but he did not recognize me and I was very glad of it. I tried to get a chance to see him after we got to Union, but never could. I expect to see him at Fort Craig. I think he will be some surprised to see who it was that he came so near shooting. George Turner was also among the Pike's Peakers. He left Wisconsin last summer. I saw him after the fight, and he told me that he had received a letter from your folks last February, and that they were all well, and your brother had joined the Wisconsin Volunteers and gone to the war. How one of these men that charged us ever escaped death will ever be a wonder to me. Our men who were fighting with them in the road, were soon obliged to retreat, and the fight was over.

About eighty of us that were taken prisoners were soon marched off towards Fort Union. How many were killed and wounded, I don't know, but there must have been a large number. Such a sight I never want to see again. As I was marched off the field, I saw some men lying with their heads shot nearly off, and some with their arms or legs shot off, and one poor man that belonged to our company, I saw lying against a tree, with his brains all shot out. Henry Asher had an arm shot off, but made out to escape. He was standing by my side when he was shot. The men that charged us seemed to have a charmed life, for if they had not they could never have reached us alive. In a few days our number was increased by more of our men, who told us that they were reinforced the night after the first battle by 1,800 men, under Col. Scurry, from Santa Fe. The Pike's Peakers were also reinforced, and on the

28th they fought another battle near the same place as the first. After fighting all day both armies retreated. Our army marched back to Santa Fe for provisions, as our whole train of seventy wagons was burned by the enemy. In one of the wagons was that trunk of clothing you sent me while I was at Fort Fillmore. It was burned up with the rest. Since then I have been furnished some clothing by our enemies, who I must say, are very good in that way. They also furnished us with very good provisions, but it goes very hard with the boys to walk, as we were all mounted when we came to this country. How many were killed and wounded in both fights I cannot say, but I have been told by some of the men who were in both battles, and were taken prisoners at Santa Fe, that there were between four and five hundred killed and wounded. Our men were soon driven out of Santa Fe and Albuquerque, and made a stand at Peralta. Here they had another battle, but were again obliged to retreat, as the Pike's Peakers had made a junction with a large number of the enemy from Fort Craig. In a few days after this, they were obliged to burn the rest of their train and flee to the mountains. I hope they have reached Texas in safety. One of the men that was taken prisoner a few days after they left Peralta, tells me that out of the 3,800 men and 327 wagons that were with us when we left Fort Fillmore, only 1,200 men and thirteen wagons remained together when they were obliged to flee to the mountains. The rest of the men must have been killed, wounded or taken prisoner. Some of the prisoners were sent to the States; the rest of us have been started home this way, by swearing never to take up arms against the United States again, which I was very glad to do, and I hope the day is not far distant when Gen. Sibley will be hung. If brother John has not joined the volunteers yet, keep him away for God's sake. Give my love to all the folks and kiss the baby for me. Had it not been for the devils from Pike's Peak, this country would have been ours. If I can get work here I will write to you again as soon as I can.

From Your Affectionate Husband,

GEORGE M. BROWN.

ROSTER

OF THE

FIRST CAVALRY OF COLORADO,

As Mustered for Pay, February 28, 1863.

FIELD AND STAFF.

John M. Chivington, Colonel,
Samuel F. Tappan, Lieutenant Colonel,
Edward W. Wynkoop, Major,
Jacob Downing, Major,
Scott J. Anthony, Major,
George H. Stilwell, 1st Lieutenant, Adjutant,
John C. Anderson, 1st Lieutenant, Quartermaster,
George L. Shoup, 1st Lieutenant, Com. of Subsistence,
John F. Hamilton, Surgeon,
Charles C. Hawley, 1st Lieutenant, Asst. Reg. Qr. Master,
J. H. Kehler, Regimental Chaplain,
Henry L. Rockwell, 2d Lieutenant, Asst. Reg. Com. Sub.,
Larkin C. Tolles, Assistant Surgeon,
Egerton Perry, 2nd Assistant Surgeon,

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Ward W. Denison, Sergeant-Major,
Obed Edson, Quartermaster-Sergeant,
Edward Schulze, Commissary-Sergeant,
Christopher P. Yates, Steward,
Patrick Kelly, Chief Farrier and Blacksmith,
John B. Fribley, Chief Saddler,

COMPANY A.

James R. Shaffer, Captain,
Edward A. Jacobs, 1st Lieut., John Murphy, 2d Lieut.,

Samuel G. Slater, 1st Sg't, James Olney, 4th Duty Sg't,
George Gardner, Q. M. Sg't, Jas. B. Lyons, 5th Duty Sg't,
Alex. R. Benzie, Com. Sg't., Duncan McIntire, 1st Corp'l,
Jos. Holbrook, 1st Duty Sg't, Ira Sanders, 2d Corp'l,
Geo. W. Nyce, 2d Duty Sg't, Simon Ritter, 3d Corp'l,
Jas. M. Tomson, 3d Duty Sg't, Thomas Almond, 4th Corp'l,

COMPANY A—CONTINUED.

William Johnson, 5th Corp'l, Alexis Couture, Farrier,
James Kendall, 6th Corp'l, Frank Kallister, Saddler,
Peter Noland, 7th Corp'l, Jonathan G. Mackey, Bugler,
Ed G. Wakefield, 8th Corp'l, Richard Mahana, Bugler,
John Sullivan, Blacksmith,

PRIVATES.

Bourne, Zachariah
Carpenter, Willard
Clark, Thomas
Clinton, John
Chase, Robert
Collins, Joseph
Duvald, Philip T
Dompierre, David
Ford, Samuel M
Flynn, James
Fleshman, Wm F
Gates, Benjamin
Griffey, David W
Gardner, Charles H
Hart, Alonzo
Hays, Henry D
Holbrook, Joel L
Heater, Edward
Harris, Charles
Howard, George W
Hanna, Frank T
Keeton, Lycurgus C C
Lowe, Christopher T
Loe, Jefferson W
Lawn, William
Lycan, Wm H H
Lyman, John
Mitchell, John
Meehan, John
McGee, William H
McLaughlin, Edward
McLaughlin, Patrick
McKeever, John
Miller, Frederick J
Miller, Hiram F
Moran, Daniel
Maddox, Foster
Mather, Joseph H
Mason, William G
Mineur, John Y
Myres, Michael
O'Donnell, Thomas
Parrott, Constant
Roach, William
Rennick, David M
Randall, Milo
Robertson, George
Shaw, Allen
Slaman, James
Smith, Henry S
Stroup, Peter R
Tucker, Charles K
Thayer, Ansel G
True, James M
Tompkins, John C
Welch, Walter
Walls, Jacob O
Woodin, Amasa B
Walker, Thomas M
Weirich, Lewis
Yocum, Jonas

COMPANY B.

Samuel M. Logan, Captain,
Geo. W. Hitchins, 1st Lieut., Frank Murrell, 2d Lieut.,

COMPANY B—CONTINUED.

Martin V. B. Spicer, 1st Sg't, Philip Smith, 4th Corp'l,
Thos. Loughridge, Q. M. Sg't, Horace Gould, 5th Corp'l,
Samuel Burger, Com. Sg't, R. H. B. Hopkins, 6th Corp'l,
G. A. Goodrich, 1st Duty Sg't, Michael Hayes, 7th Corp'l,
Chas. Newlin, 2d Duty Sg't, John B. Hunt, 8th Corp'l,
Robert Brown, 3d Duty Sg't, John R. Brown, Farrier,
Jno. W. Sperger, 4th Duty Sg't, Charles Clonss, Saddler,
Wm. H. Wright, 5th Duty Sg't, Gideon Head, Wagoner,
Frederick Smith, 1st Corp'l, Chauncey Olmsted, Bugler,
William Sherman, 2d Corp'l, John H. Swearinger, Bugler,
Scott Elliott, 3d Corp'l,

PRIVATES.

Bragg, Hiram
Brownyard, T D
Beaver, Joseph H
Barnum, John S
Burnhart, Frank
Bradford, George
Brown, Norman H
Brown, Joseph
Boulter, Collingwood
Carpenter, John A
Cutler, Henry P
Carter, A M
Dorley, Frank
Dugan, Seth H
Dungan, Charles
Davis, William W
Davis, Charles H
Duffield, W H H
Ebersole, William
Freeman, Farnum
Fulmer, Frederick
Getz, Andrew
Goffing, Jefferson
Graham, Henry C
Harris, John J
Hunter, Hugh
Honey, Martin
Lynch, William
Miksch, A G
Merritt, Daniel
Maguire, Francis
Morrill, John J
Miller, William M
McCullough, George
McCraw, Hugh D
Osborne, Eben T
Palm, Jeremiah
Pingree, George W
Peek, Thomas S
Patterson, Joseph H
Ricker, William H
Snyder, John
Smith, Clark A
Stallbridge, Thomas
Senn, Michael
Scott, Edward
Shellhamer, Aaron J
Samson, James W
Truain, George
Tuttle, Nicholas O
Turner, Thomas
Thomas, William H
Wood, Lorenzo J
Wilcox, Eli J
Watson, Selma
Waldroupe, Samuel
Wait, Frederick

COMPANY G.

Joseph C. Davidson, Captain.

William B. McMurtry, 1st Lieut., Clark Dunn, 2d Lieut.

John V. Turner, 1st Sg't, Geo. W. Skinner, 2d Corp'l,
Jas. W. Hardwick, Q. M. Sg't, Jos. H. Erickson, 3d Corp'l,
Daniel Carwell, Com. Sg't, Thos. W. Guppy, 4th Corp'l,
J. M. Griffith, 1st Duty Sg't, Elias G. Baxter, 5th Corp'l,
M. H. Linnell, 2d Duty Sg't, Hiram Barnes, 6th Corp'l,
Geo. J. Ballou, 3d Duty Sg't, John E. Wilson, Farrier,
W. L. Leonard, 4th Duty Sg't, Barton S. Mulkey, Farrier,
Wm. A. Smith, 5th Duty Sg't, John O. Fernauder, Bugler,
John Cramer, 1st Corp'l, Clark Kearns, Bugler.

PRIVATES.

Alme, John
Banning, Silas R
Borin, John A
Burrell, Washington
Bower, Nicholas
Baldwin, William
Brandley, John G
Buckner, Derry
Coon, William
Calhoun, John B
Clemo, Thomas H
Crank, James A
Crosby, John
Dewey, Francis M
Dilliner, John
Ellis, Ellis
Finley, Wesley
George, John
Graham, Timothy
Halsted, Louis
Hatfield, John
Hager, Charles
Isner, Samuel G
Kilborn, Nathaniel
Knapp, Marshall H
Kennedy, George O
King, Francis R
King, William

Mettge, August
Morrison, James C
Meade, John S
Moore, Samuel R
Meadows, William
McNutt, Dewitt
Miller, August
Nagle, Michael
Pierce, Isaac N
Rail, Phillip
Ritchie, Andrew
Rogers, Daniel
Richerson, Thomas
Reagan, William
Schneider, John T
Smith, Joseph
Shaull, Washington
Sheare, Andrew
Shneider, Pius
Syat, Samuel A
Shepherd, Samuel
South, Enos
Scott, John J
Tosh, Joseph V
Wilcox, Willis
Wheeler, Charles
Yates, Richard

COMPANY [illegible].

John F. [illegible], Captain,
Eli Dickerson, 1st Lieut., Charles E. Phillips, 2d Lieut.
J. J. Kennedy, 1st Sg't, Charles Lynch, 2d Corp'l,
Charles D. Hicks, Q. M. Sg't, Thomas Thompson, 3d Corp'l,
W. C. Gray, Com. Sg't, Thos. E. McDonald, 4th Corp'l,
Michael Ivory, 1st Duty Sg't, Charles R. Becker, 5th Corp'l,
S. H. Hillman, 2d Duty Sg't, J. B. Foster, Farrier,
B. F. Forbes, 3d Duty Sg't, J. H. Erwin, Bugler,
W. H. Coughenower, 4th Sg't, Charles Hepple, Bugler,
J. M. Blakey, 1st Corp'l,

PRIVATES.

Alexander, George W
Baker, Benjamin
Brown, John L
Botsford, B W
Byrd, A
Cutting, William
Conrad, William W
Cadwell, Edward
Clark, Judson
Cox, Thomas R
Donelly, Thomas
Dermitt, William
Embree, Samuel
Elliott, William
Flynn, Joseph
Gaynor, William
Hawes, Thomas J
Houston, G F
Hence, J H
Hatto, Charles
Hair, Jesse F
Ireland, Samuel E
Jenkins, Isaac
Johnson, Thomas
Kohler, John

Koester, Ole
Koster, F B
Ledbetter, Alfred
Laswell, Martin
Markle, Charles
McRae, Christopher
McDonough, James
McGuire, T J
McTaggart, J
Newcomer, John
Owens, George
Oleson, B
Proctor, J B
Parker, William
Prickett, Edward
Riley, Dennis
Slicking, Augustus
Snell, Charles
Short, William H
Thomas, Charles
Turner, J P
Terry, F M
Ward, William
Weagley, G W
Yakee, Martin

COMPANY [illegible]

Isaac Gray, Captain,
Samuel N. Crane, 1st Lieut., George P. Haskell, 2d Lieut.,

Albert B. Chase, 1st Sg't.,
Benj. Barnhisle, Q. M. Sg't.,
John Stockwell, Com. Sg't.,
Joseph Jones, 1st Duty Sg't.,
John C. [illegible], 2d Duty Sg't.,
S. H. Gaskill, 1st Corp'l,
Philip Fetter, 2d Corp'l,
Ephraim Mitchell, 3d Corp'l,
William Happ, 4th Corp'l,
Henry Lynch, 5th Corp'l,
James Mann, 6th Corp'l,
George E. Giles, 7th Corp'l,
Geo. C. Johnson, Blacksmith,
George C. Johnston, Bugler,
Asa H. Pangburn, Bugler.

PRIVATES.

Asbury, Harrison
Allister, John
Anderson, Joseph W
Bryant, Alexander G
Bower, Abraham
Beyer, Jacob
Brandis, William
Collard, Walter
Collard, Joseph
Curtis, David
Champion, Benjamin
Conroy, Abraham
Cady, Curtis C
Connovan, Edwin D
Dane, George
Davis, Thomas E
Davis, John
Darrough, William
Felch, John
Fritts, John A
Flynn, Edward
Johns, Samuel G
Jester, John W
Jordan, Samuel A
Jackson, William C
Keenan, Patrick
Kane, John
Kramer, John

Lambdon, William
Lowe, Eli H
Light, Evander
Lawrence, William F
McCarty, Thomas
McHugh, John J
McGuire, William H
Morris, Freeman T
Mulk, Henry
Miller, Michael
Opel, Christopher
Owens, William M
O'Connor, Peter
Pollock, Joseph A
Quigley, Hugh L
Redding, Ezra
Rosbury, Herrington
Rice, David
Rosbury, Washington
Sweeney, Daniel
Sweeney, Hugh
Sanville, Charles A
Ward, Boylan
Whittier, Oscar H
Watt, James J
White, Seymour S
White, William
Wallace, Robert

COMPANY F.

Samuel H. Cook, Captain,

Luther Wilson, 1st Lieut.,
Ed. C. Williamson, 1st Sg't,
John D. Miller, Q. M. Sg't,
William F. Hall, Com. Sg't,
Alex. Cochran, 1st Duty Sg't,
A. B. Sampson, 2d Duty Sg't,
Jesse F. Keel, 3d Duty Sg't,
Geo. B. Burdick, 4th Duty Sg't,
John E. Jones, 5th Duty Sg't,
John C. Ferris, 1st Corp'l,
Abram Cornell, 2d Corp'l,

Solon N. Ackley, 2d Lieut.,
James A. Boice, 3d Corp'l,
John V. Webber, 4th Corp'l,
Daniel H. Rice, 5th Corp'l,
Alexander Cree, 6th Corp'l,
Alfred D. Ruyle, 7th Corp'l,
Charles H. Bristol, 8th Corp'l,
John Johnston, Blacksmith,
Jacob Bales, Farrier,
Frantz Metzler, Bugler,
Bartholomew F. Foley, Bugler,

PRIVATES.

Allen, Thomas
Allen, William
Ayres, George
Babcock, Horatio H
Bailey, David K
Beattie, William R
Buchanan Valentine P
Carrithers, Samuel L
Cassidy, George
Dyer, Joel H
Elerick, Milton
Ferris, Benjamin F
Frazier, Alfred
Gallagher, John A
Gould, Edwin C
Hall, James
Harper, Rhoderick F
Hollenbeck, Michael
Houck, Adrian
Holmes, Frank
Johnson, John J
Kilmore, William D
Leverich, D Hume
Lewis, Samuel
Looney, Abram
Logan, Cylurus W
Lowe, George W

McCormick, John
McCune, Chancellor
McFarland, John J
McGahey, John T
McGahey, R Bruce
Monarque, Alexander
More, Eli H
Mercer, William L
Oleson, Andrew
Ostrander, Rhomaine H
Pierce, George W
Place, Fayette
Pott, William C
Pratt, Azro B
Pritchard, Adam
Sedgwick, Henry C
Shearer, Theo M
Sherman, George L
Springer, Hiram M
Stevens, James H
Strope, Charles E
Swales, James
Tantum, James H
Wendell, Charles D
Whittaker, Wm F
Wilson, Langford R
Winches, John

COMPANY G.

William F. Wilder, Captain,
Geo. H. Hardin, 1st Lieut., Hiram B. Caldwell, 2d Lieut.

John [illegible], 1st Serg't, Montreville Hill, 1st Corp'l,
Geo. H. [illegible], Q. M. Sgt., William P. Mann, 2d Corp'l,
Lucius Palmer, Com'l Sg't, Cyrus H. Griffin, 3d Corp'l,
John A. [illegible], 1st Duty Sg't, D. M. Hitchcock, 4th Corp'l,
F. Vanocker, 2d Duty Sg't, Wm. Lindeamire, Saddler,
Geo. C. Caryl, 3d Duty Sg't, Robert Dowele, Farrier,
W. M. [illegible], 4th Duty Sg't, Wilson Clisbee, Bugler,
Wm. Hinton, 5th Duty Sg't, William A. Clisbee, Bugler,

PRIVATES.

Andrews, William
Adams, James J
Armstrong, John
App, John
Brownworth, John
Baine, Charles M
Benson, William
Bowles, Josephus
Bussell, Harrison M
Baccus, Michael
Baccus, Joseph
Birdsell, Ebenezer
Clark, David
Clark, Richard B
Clark, Isaac
Campbell, Duncan
Degraffe, Isaac
Davis, William L
East, Richard N
Flen, John J
Fisken, Robert
Farrell, Dennis
Ferris, William
Gibson, Samuel
Haywood, William
Hopkins, George M
James, Amos D
Johnston, Edward E
Long, James H
Luckham, Thomas
Muxlow, William
McDougal, Thomas
McClung, Edward D
McIntosh, George B
Neely James D
Newton, George
Payne, Byron S
Peterson, Charles
Pifer, James
Puderbaugh, David
Rainey, John
Russell, James R
Robinson, John S
Smith, Robert
Skinner, David C
Steel, John
Skinner, Thomas E
Shively, Peter
Stout, John E
Shoemaker, E H
Thompson, William E
Wescott, Joseph L
Wilson, John
Walters, James E
Walters, David K
Ward, Mark
White, Edward P
Young, John

COMPANY H.

George E. Sanborn, Captain,
Chauncey M. Cossitt, 1st Lieut., George H. Chase, 2d Lieut.,
Jordan J. Brown, 1st Sg't, Daniel R. Fisher, 2d Corp'l,
Jas. A. Snodgrass, Q. M. Sg't, Aaron Brown, 3d Corp'l,
Al. T. Randall, Com. Sg't, Lewis T. Brooks, 4th Corp'l,
C. L. Hall, 1st Duty Sg't, Caleb C. Aldrich, 5th Corp'l,
R. B. S. Clark, 2d Duty Sg't, Oscar F. Sanford, 6th Corp'l,
James A. Evans, 3d Duty Sg't, W. W. Lawrence, 7th Corp'l,
Milo H. Slater, 4th Duty Sg't, Henry J. Moss, Blacksmith,
Isaac Wilcox, 5th Duty Sg't, Thomas Sherwood, Farrier,
Nich. A. Ryerson, 1st Corp'l, Thomas Brutt, Wagoner.

PRIVATES.

Bramt, Horatio
Brown, S Z
Christenson, Chas A
Copeland, John B
Cullom, Thomas J
Dutro, James
Eastman, Peter D
Galbrath, Abner
Garland, Charles
Ganlsby, John
Harlow, Hasco
Hartman, Simeon
Henderson, William H
Henderson, John
Hill, Joshua L
Hinnegar, John W
Hogbin, A P
Hotten, Charles P
Imus, George W
Johnson, Jay J
Jones, Edward P
Jeanjaquet Edward H
Kaier, J J
Keesler, Charles
Kier, Duncan
McCloskey, William P
Melvin, John G
Morse, George M
Neeley, Samuel
Neeley, Alexander
Osbon, Willis
Ott, Henry
Parsons, Nathaniel S
Pilgrim, William H
Pooler, Henry
Porter, Charles H
Quick, James O
Rhodes, Charles C
Rickel, William W
Robertson, Charles T
Redardjaid, Henry
Safely, Alexander F
Savils, James B
Sargent, Henry A
Shackly, Henry D
Short, John R
Skinner, James V
Stevens, David L
Sterner, Daniel
Stocks, William
Swanger, Jacob
Swift, William A
Uhl, Charles
Wagoner, J W
Waldron, James
Warner, Thomas
Wilcox, Joel H

COMPANY I.

Charles Kesler, Captain,

Charles O. Hawley, 1st Lieut., William Boring, 2d Lieut.,

Albert Walter, 1st Sg't,
William Bach, Q. M. Sg't,
Peter Wertz, Com. Sg't,
Conrad Austin, 1st D'y Sg't,
George N. McBay, 2d D'y Sg't,
John Lockman, 3d D'y Sg't,
S. W. Hickey, 4th D'y Sg't,
I. Kammermund 5th D'y Sg't,
Henry Bachus, 1st Corp'l,
Nils Nelson, 2d Corp'l,
W. Wieshendorf 3d Corp'l,
William Arnold, 4th Corp'l,
John Behm, 5th Corp'l,
Michael Henninger, 6th Corp'l,
Joseph Kerr, 7th Corp'l,
Henry Maykrecht, 8th Corp'l,
Conrad Fehrich, Wagoner,
August Bartlett, Farrier,
Henry Wendling, Blacksmith,
Peter Lorenzen, Saddler,
William Truesdell, Bugler,
Jacob Shmelzle, Bugler,

PRIVATES.

Aehler, A.
Bakem, Jacob
Beldon, James
Bender, Lewis
Bickerheim, Chris
Bowmand, William
Brass, Frank
Bucker, Joseph
Burger, Peter
Carrill, A.
Doyle, James
Dittrich, Ernest
Fitzmaurice, John
Friel, Patrick
Galler, Joseph
Garner, Philip
Goldsmith, L.
Hoyt, Charles
Hawkins, John
Hinkley, Alexander
Henry, John
Hansen, Peter
Hixon, John
Hoppen, Philip
Johnson, Thomas
Janes, William
Karcher, Jacob
Koppenhofer, George
Kuhl, Christian
Krusse, Frederick
Lawler, Maurice
Martin, Nicholas
Miller, Dionysius
Neidhardt, George
Olsen, Ola
Reets Jacob
Runyan, John
Ruedy, Andrew
Shulze, James
Stoltenberg, John
Schurr, George
Slater, H. L.
Sawyer, Dennis
Timson, Lue
Vay, Joseph
Ward, Peter
Zoeller, Philip

COMPANY E.

Samuel M. Robbins, Captain,

Silas S. Soule, 1st Lieut.,
John Oster, Jr., 2d Lieut.,

John E. Hill, 1st Sg't,
Thos. H. Gibbons, Q.M. Sg't,
Harrison W. Bell, Com. Sg't,
Jno. A. Charters, 1st D'y Sg't,
W. M. McOmber, 2d D'y Sg't,
Thos. H. Wales, 3d Duty Sg't,
Graham Nash, 4th Duty Sg't,
E. M. Quimby, 5th Duty Sg't,
John Simcox, 1st Corp'l,
Henry Hardy, 2d Corp'l,
Orren H. Henry, 3d Corp'l,
Louis Percival, 4th Corp'l,
James Donaldson, 5th Corp'l,
W. F. Eichbaum, 6th Corp'l,
Oswin G. Morley, 7th Corp'l,
Jas. D. Bonham, 8th Corp'l,
James Durkee, Blacksmith,
Almon Burns, Farrier,
Charles J. Eaton, Saddler,

PRIVATES.

Armstrong, Albert W
Arble, Thomas P
Anderson, Jonas
Bovee, Joseph
Bell, Norris N
Burgess, John
Brock, Hiram C
Bently, E C
Carr, Lyman A
Creech, John
Christy, Morris S
Chase, H D
Cole, R F
Debolt, Lorenzo D
Dailey, Patrick F
Dodge, David E
Davis Anthony W
DeHaven, H C
Daun, John
Fairbanks Warren E
Grealish Michael
Grealish, James
Gray, Peter
Hunt, Hamilton
Harthorn, Francis
Jones, William
Klebe, George
Kirkpatrick, John S
Little, John
Laidig, Harman
Morris, G W
McDonald A
McDonough Hugh
McBeth Archibald W
McBride, Charles
Oglesby William W
Pool, George
Patch, Manfred M
Routh, Isaac
Reading, Louis
Strait, William
Sowash, D W
Sherman, William
Tobin, Michael
Veatch, Elias
Vanderburgh, Edwin C
Wallace, Robert B
Wynn, James
Wilson, Richard
Wilson, William R
Woodward, Ona H
Woolbert, George
Yarrow, George

COMPANY L.*

William H. [illegible], Captain,

George L. Shoup, 1st Lieut., Henry L. Rockwell, 2d Lieut.,

David T. Bigsby, 1st Sg't, Henry C. Stanley, 3d Corp'l,
Merrick A. Rogers, Q. M. Sg't, Joseph C. Burnett, 4th Corp'l,
S. Shelden, 1st Duty Sg't, Austin W. Allen, 5th Corp'l,
S. G. Marvin, 2d Duty Sg't, Henry I. Hastings, 6th Corp'l,
Alonzo S. Reed, 3d Duty Sg't, N. J. [illegible], 7th Corp'l,
C. B. Backus, 4th Duty Sg't, Gabriel M. Wood, 8th Corp'l,
Holmes A. Parker, 1st Corp'l, Levi Shiffler, Blacksmith,
Benedict S. Dunbar, 2d Corp'l, Alexander Sutherland, Bugl'r,

PRIVATES.

Byers, Andrew J
Benton, William J
Burns, Adam B
Baird, James
Brown, Henry I
Bucks, Harrison
[illegible], William L
Cross, Wallace
Campbell, John A
Charles, Levi
Dumphy, Thomas
Davis, George W
Deck, William C
Emigh, William J
Evans, James
Geelan, John
Huntress, Merritt M
Hick, John W
[illegible], William R
Hubbell, Gabriel
Husted, Marcius
Hill, Justice E
James, Thomas A
Jenkins, William L
Jones, James P
Killie, William H
Keeler, William O
Mills, Lucius G
McClung, Zarah
McNealis, Francis
Morgan, James S
McCollum, Alvin G
Messersmith, Alfred H
Nash, William
Nash, William H
Nelson, Nis
Northrup, Wallace
Owens, David
Oliver, Abraham
Parker, Henry K
Parker, Lawrence R
Porter, T G W
Quinn, George
Rogers, Cade
Rathbun, Oliver P
Stewart, John
Shay, Joseph H
Seigfreit, Michael
Saunders, Adolphus H
Sprague, Samuel
Scrafford, Cyrus
Scrafford, Robert

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*The latest Muster Roll of this Company not being at hand, I insert one of the 30th, April 1862.

COMPANY L—CONTINUED.

Sexton, Charles M
Simons, Charles E
Sikes, Frank
Sellers, Andrew
Shattuck, Supply B
Southland, George
Swartz, Peter L
Toun, Michael G
Temple, John
Thompson, John
Thomas, John J
Uffer, Samuel
Vandeven, John
Vance, William
Wilson, Andrew
Walters, Noah
Young, Robert J

COMPANY M.

David L. Hardy, Captain,
Henry H. Hine, 1st Lieut., Ira Quimby, 2d Lieut.,
Richard Conquest, 1st Sg't, James Dillon, 2d Corp'l,
And. J. Cook, Q. M. Sg't, Asa Griffin, 3d Corp'l,
Francis Moore, Com. Sg't, Geo. B. Hendricks, 4th Corp'l,
S. G. Gerrald, 1st D'y Sg't, Abm. S. Davis, 5th Corp'l,
Phil. Olmstead, 2d D'y Sg't, West B. Barrett, 6th Corp'l,
Zach. Thomason, 3d D'y Sg't, Wm. J. Parker, 7th Corp'l,
Wm. C. Carroll, 4th D'y Sg't, F. P. Treadwell, 8th Corp'l,
Jno. F. Wyman, 5th D'y Sg't, Daniel W. Buell, Blacksmith,
R. W. Coleman, 1st Corp'l, James H. Kelly, Blacksmith,

PRIVATES.

Allan, Nehemiah
Adams, David
Adams, Justice
Brett, Arthur
Bailey, J D
Berry, William V
Beadle, W C
Culdearr, John
Crittenden, J W
Dolph, Bezaliel
Daniel, R N
Duffus, William
Carhart, David
Earl, Warner
Foster, A A
Farley, Esam
Farrington, Otis
Fingland, Thomas
Fields, William
Gray, James F
Gray, Joseph M
Goodwin, William J
Hanicker, Charles H
Hilton, Charles F
Hager, Charles
High, George W
Hovey, S D
Harpham, John H
Hudgle, Reason
Howard, George
Hull, John C
Jewitt, N L
Kenyon, A C
Kelsey, J N

COMPANY M—CONTINUED.

Kirkendall, J M
Lester, J F
Langdon, Wm. H
McClelland, Charles
McClelland, David
McCollum, Frank
McBride, Thomas R
McCleary, James B
Martin, John P
Miller, James B
Murphy, Samuel
Morris, I N
Morris, L D
Polly, Ephraim
Price, Albert
Poynear, D H
Rice, H C
Rose, Jacob
Reynolds, J O
Roberts, N R
Robinson, Jasper
Sharp George
Soly, Isaac
Schmer, John
Sparks, George W
Smith, S A
Thomas, B L
Tygart, John
Woodard, J F
Weiss, J N

The Regiment has lost since its organization, by ordinary disease,	8
Accidentally Killed,	8
Killed in Action, and died from the effect of wounds received in Action,	50
Total loss by death,	66
By Desertion during the year 1862,	53
By transfers given,	6
Discharged for various reasons, mostly disability,	60
Total Loss,	185
It has gained from Enlistment,	60
From companies C. & D. of the 2d Reg. attached by order of the Secretary of War.	173
Its number on the 28th of February 1863, was	927

Appointments and Promotions of Officers

OF THE

FIRST REGIMENT COLORADO VOLUNTEERS.

FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS.

John M. Chivington,	Appointed Major, August 26, 1861. Promoted to Colonel, April 14, 1862.
Samuel F. Tappan,	Appointed Captain, July 26, 1861. Prom. to Lieut. Colonel, Aug. 26, 1861.
Edw. W. Wynkoop,	App. 2d Lieutenant, July 26, 1861. Prom. to Captain, August 26, 1861. Prom. to Major, April 14, 1862.
Jacob Downing,	App. Captain, August 26, 1861. Prom. to Major, November 1, 1862.
Scott J. Anthony,	App. Captain, August 26, 1861. Prom. to Major, November 1, 1862.
George H. Stilwell,	Enlisted as Sergeant, Aug. 18, 1861. Prom. to 2d Lieut., April 14, 1862. Prom. to 1st Lieut., Nov. 10, 1862. App. Adjutant, Nov. 10, 1862.
John C. Anderson,	App. 2d Lieutenant, Oct. 14, 1861. Prom. to 1st Lieut. Nov. 30, 1861. App. Reg. Qr. Master, Oct. 14, 1861.
George L. Shoup,	App. 2d Lieutenant, Dec. 18, 1861. Prom. to 1st Lieut., Nov. 1, 1862. App. Reg. Com. Sub., Nov. 1, 1862.
John F. Hamilton,	Appointed Surgeon, Sept. 14, 1861.
Charles C. Hawley,	Enlisted, July 29, 1861. App. 2d Lieutenant, Feb. 11, 1862. Prom. to 1st Lieutenant, June 14, 1862. App. Asst. Reg. Q. M., Feb. —, 1863.
J. H. Kehler,	Appointed Chaplain, Nov. 1, 1861.

Henry L. Rockwell,	Enlisted, August 26, 1861. App. 2d Lieutenant, Nov. 11, 1862. App. Asst. Reg. Com. Sub., Feb. 1863.
Larkin C. Tolles,	App. Asst. Surgeon, Sept. 14, 1861.
Egerton Perry,	App. 2d Asst. Surgeon, Jan. 8, 1863.

COMPANY OFFICERS.

A.

James R. Shaffer,	App. 1st Lieutenant, July 26, 1861. Prom. to Captain, April 14, 1862.
Edward A. Jacobs,	Enlisted as Sergeant, Aug. 1, 1861. Prom. to 2d Lieutenant, Aug. 26, 1861. Prom. to 1st Lieutenant, Apl. 14, 1862.
John Murphy,	Enlisted, July 27, 1861. App. 2d Lieutenant, Nov. 5, 1862.

B.

Samuel M. Logan,	App. 1st Lieutenant, July 27, 1861. Prom. to Captain, August 27, 1861.
Geo. W. Hawkins,	Enlisted, August 6, 1861. Appointed 1st Sergeant, Oct. 28, 1861. Prom. to 2d Lieutenant, Apl. 14, 1862. Prom. to 1st Lieutenant, Nov. 8, 1862.
Frank Murrell,	Enlisted, July 31, 1861. App. 1st Sergeant, Feb. 8, 1862. Prom. to 2d Lieutenant, May [illegible], 1862.

C.

Joseph C. Davidson,	Enlisted, August 9, 1861. App. 1st Sergeant, August 14, 1861. Prom. to 2d Lieutenant, Aug. 27, 1861. Prom. to 1st Lieutenant, Feb. 7, 1862. Prom. to Captain, Nov. 10, 1862.
William B. Moore,	Enlisted, August 28, 1861. App. 1st Sergeant, August 29, 1861. Prom. to 2d Lieutenant, Apl. 14, 1862. Prom. to 1st Lieutenant, Nov. 4, 1862.
Clark Dunn,	Enlisted, September 7, 1861. App. 2d Lieutenant, May 30, 1862.

D.

John P. Bonesteel,	App. 1st Lieutenant, Aug. 26, 1861. Prom. to Captain, Nov. 2, 1862.
Eli Dickerson,	App. 2d Lieutenant, Aug. 26, 1861. Prom. to 1st Lieutenant, Apl. 14, 1862.
Charles E. Phillips,	Enlisted, Sept. 18, 1861. App. Qr. Mas. Sergeant, May 31, 1862. Prom. to 2d Lieutenant, Nov. 10, 1862.

E.

Isaac Gray,	App. 2d Lieutenant, Aug. 1, 1861. Prom. to 1st Lieutenant, Aug. 27, 1861. Prom. to Captain, Nov. 1, 1862.
Samuel N. Crane,	Enlisted, Oct. 16, 1861. App. 1st Sergeant, Feb. 1, 1862. Prom. to 2d Lieutenant, Apl. 14, 1862. Prom. to 1st Lieutenant, Nov. 11, 1862.
George P. Haskell,	Enlisted, Oct. 2, 1861. App. Sergeant-Major, June 16, 1862. Prom. to 2d Lieutenant, Nov. 2, 1862.

F.

Samuel H. Cook,	App. Captain, Aug. 26, 1861.
Luther Wilson,	Enlisted, August 1, 1861. App. 1st Sergeant, Sept. 2, 1861. Prom. to 2d Lieutenant, Mch. 26, 1862. Prom. to 1st Lieutenant, Sept. 1, 1862.
Solon [illegible]ckley,	Enlisted, August 2, 1861. App. Sergeant, Sept. 2, 1861. App. 2d Lieutenant, Sept. 1, 1862.

G.

William F. Wilder,	App. 1st Lieutenant, Aug. 29, 1861. Prom. to Captain, Nov. 30, 1861.
George H. Hardin,	Enlisted as 1st Sergeant, Aug. 25, 1861. Prom. to 2d Lieutenant, Nov. 30, 1861. Prom. to 1st Lieutenant, Apl. 14, 1862.
Hiram B. Caldwell,	Enlisted, Sept. 8, 1861. App. 1st Sergeant, Dec. 17, 1861. App. 2d Lieutenant, Aug. 16, 1862.

H.

George L. Sanborn,	Appointed Captain, Aug. 29, 1861.
Chauncey M. Cossitt,	Enlisted as 1st Sergeant, Aug. 30, 1861. Prom. to 2d Lieutenant, Apl. 14, 1862. Prom. to 1st Lieutenant, Nov. 8, 1862.
George H. Chase,	Enlisted as Sergeant, Sept. 4, 1861. Prom. to 2d Lieutenant, Nov. 8, 1862.

I.

Charles Kerber,	App. 1st Lieutenant, Aug. 29, 1861. Prom. to Captain, June 14, 1862.
William Boving,	Enlisted as 1st Sergeant, Sep. 8, 1861. Prom. to Sg't Major, April 15, 1862. Prom. to 2d Lieutenant, June 14, 1862.

K.

Samuel M. Robbins,	App. Captain, Nov. 30, 1861.
Silas S. Soule,	App. 1st Lieut., Dec. 10, 1861.
John Oster, Jr.,	Enlisted, Sept. 2, 1861. App. 2d Lieut., Nov. 5, 1862.

L.

William Backus,	App. Captain, Sep. 2, 1861.
J. S. Maynard,	App. 2d Lieut., Sep. 8, 1861. Prom. to 1st Lieut., May 31, 1862.

M.

David L. Hardy,	App. 1st Lieut., Sep. 2, 1861. Prom. to Captain, May 30, 1862.
Henry W. Hine,	App. 1st Lieut., Sep. 3, [illegible]
Ira Quimby,	Enlisted as 1st Sg't, Sep. [illegible]1. Prom. to 2d Lieut., May 31, 1862.

Officers of the First who have Deceased or Resigned

John P. Slough,	Appointed Captain, July 26, 1861. Prom. to Colonel, Aug. 26, 1861. Resigned unconditionally, Apl. 9, 1862. Confirmed Brig. Gen., Mch. 18, 1862.
Richard Sopris,	App. Captain, August 26, 1861. Resigned, May 31, 1862.
Alfred S. Cobb,	App. 1st Lieutenant, Sept. [illegible] 1861. Resigned, May 31, 1862.
Clark Chambers,	App. 2d Lieutenant, Sept. [illegible] 1861. Prom. to Captain, May 31, 1862. Disch'd for disability, Nov. 10, 1862. Died from effect of wounds received at Pigeon's Ranche, March 5, 1863.
W. T. Heath,	App. 1st Lieutenant, Aug. 26, 1861. Res'd unconditionally, Apl. 14, 1862.
George [illegible],	App. 1st Lieutenant, Aug. 26, 1861. Resigned, Aug. 31, 1862.
J. W. Hambleton,	Appointed Captain, Aug. [illegible] 1861. Cashiered, November, —, [illegible] Enlisted in 3d Col. Vols. Sept. [illegible] App. 2d Lieutenant, January, [illegible]
B. N. Sanford,	App. 2d Lieutenant, Aug. 29, 1861. Res'd unconditionally, April 14, 1862.
Leonard Steadman,	Enlisted, September —, 1861. App. 2d Lieut., April 14, 1862. Resigned, August 15, 1862.
Charles Mailie,	Appointed Captain, Aug. 26, 1861. Resigned, June 14, 1862.

Charles P. Marion,	Appointed Captain, Aug. 23, 1861. Cashiered, November —, 1861.
George S. Eayres,	Appointed 1st Lieut., Aug. 23, 1861. Resigned, November —, 1861. Appointed 1st Lieutenant, McLain's Battery, September —, 1862.
Robert McDonald,	App. 2d Lieutenant, Aug. 26, 1861. Prom. to 1st Lieut., May 21, 1862. Resigned, November 4, 1862.
John [illegible],	App. Captain, September 1, 1861. Resigned, May 2[illegible], 1862.
William F. Marshall,	App. 2d Lieutenant, Aug. 26, 1861. Accidentally killed at Apache Canon, March 28, 1862.
John Baker,	App. 2d Lieutenant, Aug. 29, 1861. Killed at Apache Canon, Mch. 28, 1862.
[illegible] Beck,	App. 1st Lieutenant, Oct. 1, 1861. Drowned at Denver, Feb. 6, 1862.
[illegible],	App. 2d Lieutenant, Oct. 1, 1861. Prom. to 1st Lieutenant, Apl. 14, 1862. Accidentally killed at Fort Larned, November 11, 1862.